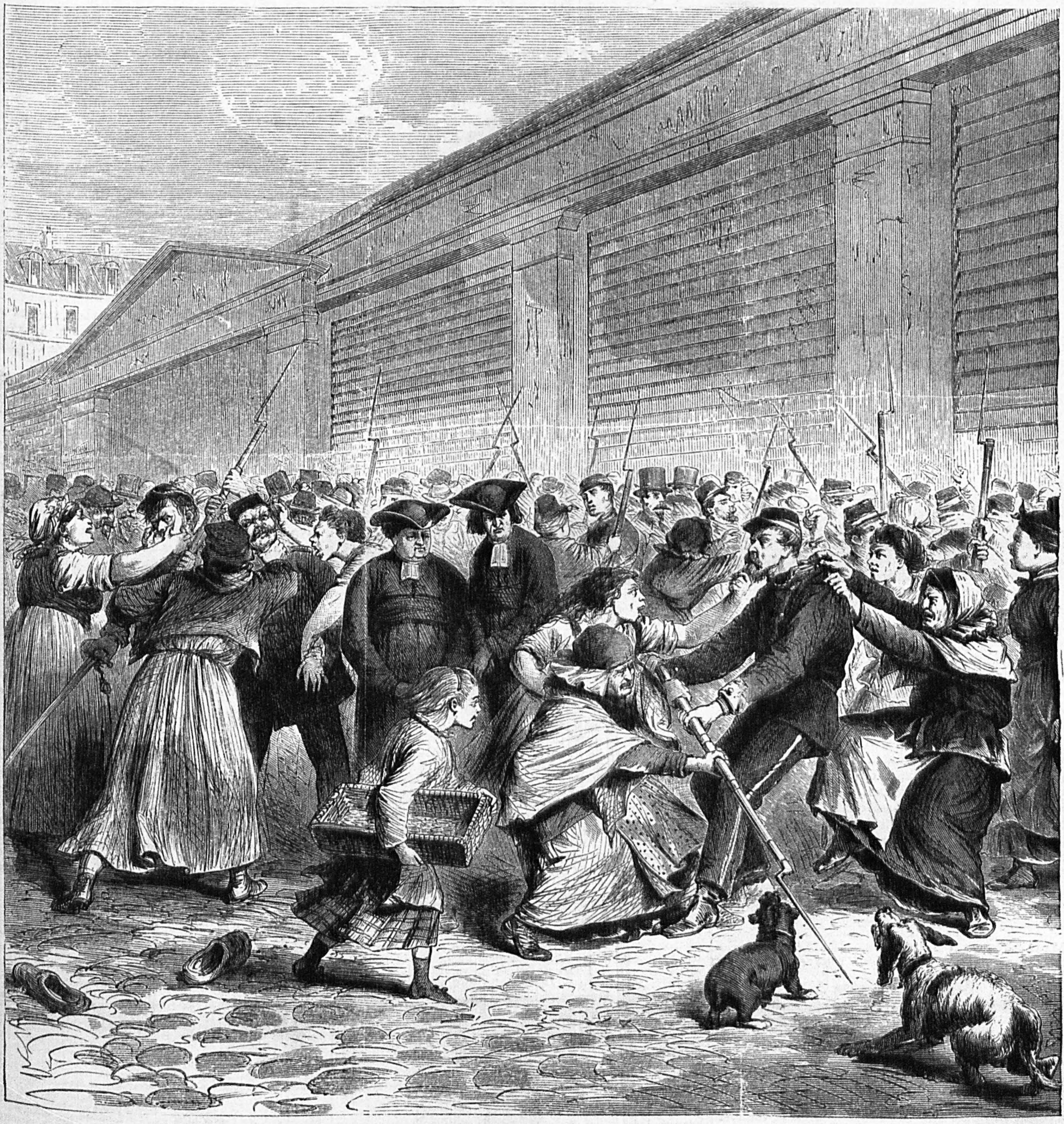
THE ILLUSTRATED Newspaper.

Vol. I.—No. 14. Saturday, June 17, 1871.] PRICE THREEPENCE. [Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.



THE REVOLUTION IN PARIS: French Market Women Rescuing Priests from the Communists.

THE TICHBORNE TRIAL.

SURELY the days of romance have come back again! Some of the most extraordinary trials known in the history of legal procedure have occurred within the memory of living men, but the latest is in many respects the strangest and most remarkable. It is not wonderful that in days like these the law should be called upon to decide great questions affecting the welfare of nations and the interests of Sovereigns; but it does seem almost inconceivable that at a time when all the world can be ransacked at a few minutes' notice for information and evidence on any question upon which living men are informed, a court of justice should have to consider whether a man who presents himself before them is the son of an English baronet or only a pretender attempting to step into a dead man's shoes. Cases of identity are plentiful enough in the history of the law, but they have been of a character totally different from this. In the matter of the Eltham murder we have an instance of the ordinary kind. Did the accused do certain things and appear in certain places; or was he elsewhere, and was it another who committed the acts which are the subject of inquiry? But the man now under examination before Lord Chief Justice Bovill has to relate his whole life, and the jury are to see whether his history accords with that of the heir to this estate. If the whole business were obscure and depended upon the investigation of a scanty supply of facts, though no doubt a good deal of interest would attach to the inquiry, there would not be much ground for surprise that such a case should have arisen. But the heir to this estate and baronetcy was personally well known to a large number of people during many years. There is no obscurity about his early history. He was not kept out of sight from his childhood until he seemed to disappear. A long biography might be written of that period of his life. Then the claimant in the cause, Sir Roger Charles Tichborne or not Sir Roger Charles Tichborne, did not start out of the earth on a sudden to prefer this claim. No man can bury his past utterly and defy the whole world to identify him with a career of any sort. A line is drawn across the time when the heir vanished and was supposed to be lost. Till then the daily events of that young man's life were familiar to many persons; since that time—on this side of the line we have drawn—the claimant in the cause has been more or less known to people in different parts of the world. That such a case should be open to a prolonged inquiry seems marvellous. That one side or the other should not have broken down under this stupendous pressure of inquiry is astonishing. Yet the case goes on, and is likely to go on. The sporting world is engaged in betting upon the result. No stronger proof could be given of the uncertainty which possesses the public mind as to the turn the case will take.

Our picture on page 232 is from a sketch taken while the trial was still proceeding in the Sessions Court. That is Chief Justice Bovill on the Bench. On his right hand sits the Bishop of Winchester—known to all the world for so many years as the eloquent prelate of Oxford. On his left is the Lord Chief Justice of England, whose business is in the Queen's Bench; he is but a spectator here. What better evidence could there be of the unparalleled interest of the case than the unofficial presence of a judge to whom remarkable trials are almost ordinary occurrences? On his left is the Marquis of Bute. The witness in the box is Major-General Custance; the barrister standing at full face in the foreground, with his back to the judge, is Sir John Ballantyne, reputed to be the greatest master of cross-examination of his time. On his right hand, in profile, sits the claimant in the cause. That is Sir John Duke Coleridge, the Solicitor-General, in the centre foreground facing the judge; while his first junior, Mr. Hawkins, Q.C., is examining the witness. Behind him, on the edge of the engraving, is seen one corner of the jury-box and a portrait of the foreman.

It is but trite to talk of the unequalled public interest excited by this trial. The case is the subject of eager controversy, not in the metropolis only, but in the remotest corners of the kingdom, and the news of the proceedings is looked for with almost the same feeling in our Australian colonies. There will be no lack of material to satisfy the public demand for information, for the trial will probably last many weeks yet.

MAGAZINES AND NOVELISTS.—The London correspondent of the *Exeter Flying Post* says:—"Dickens's novels are to be reissued in a cheap form, penny numbers, with plates. You know the sort of style. It will test their popularity. The 'literary captains,' Mayne Reid and Whyte Melville, have a couple of new romances on the stocks for publication. Miss Braddon is writing a story for the ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, and Joseph Hatton begins another of his pleasant fictions in the next number of the *Gentleman*. 'The Valley of Poppies,' is the title. The scene is in Worcestershire. The *Gentleman*, with *Blackwood*, is the only magazine which now runs into a second edition. Most of the rest are upon the lees. The *Fortnightly* publishes monthly, *Macmillan* is reduced to about two-thirds of its size, *St. Paul's* is in the shade, *Fraser* is about to lose its editor, Mr. Froude, and *Dark Blue* does not take. *Belgravia* is kept alive by Sala's pen, and almost by that alone."

OUR LONDON NOTE BOOK.

METROPOLITAN WEATHER.

FRIENDS in the country, pray do not believe all you hear in detraction of our London climate. Beyond question, there have been some days of bitterly cold weather in these months of May and June. The mornings have been keen; the nights have been severe. But, except to those to whom a fall of so many degrees of the thermometer means ill-health and much suffering, the time has not been one of serious personal discomfort to Londoners. For the most part the days have been fine and pleasant. A London correspondent a few days ago assured his country readers that the sun had forgotten to shine in this latitude. That was a figure of speech, and it was a figure not at all warranted by facts. With the exception of two or three rainy days, we have had a bright, clear time of it. On the day of which it was reported that snow fell for three hours in Birmingham no such visitation was possible in London. Even those days of which such doleful accounts were given from the racecourse at Ascot were passably fine, and not too cold for out-door enjoyment in London. We ask the meteorological reporters to give our poor, much-abused metropolis its due.

THE DRAMA AND DRAMATIC CRITICISM.

We are not yet at the end of the "quarrels and calamities" arising out of the difference of opinion between Mr. Tom Taylor and "Q." of the *Athenæum* about "Joan of Arc" and the dramatic productions of the day. Out of that arose the very interesting discussion in the columns of the *Echo* a few days ago, wherein Mr. Taylor advocated, in vigorous and telling language, the setting apart of a theatre in the metropolis for the presentation of the legitimate drama in a manner independent of public patronage. Either by the State or by a combination of the lovers of high and pure art on the stage, he wishes that this matter should be taken up, believing that if once a manager dared to go on producing that which he and competent advisers believed to be excellent and noble, whether or not it suited the predominant taste, the intelligent portion of the public, who have ceased to attend the theatres because they do not like what is to be seen there, would be drawn back to their old love, the genuine drama, and the experiment would be in the end self-supporting without being subservient to the noisiest and the least respectable popular demand. It is a thing well worth trying, and, without going to the State for such patronage, there must surely be sufficient love of high art allied to ample means in this country to render the experiment an easy one to make.

Our object, however, in returning this week to the subject referred to twice before in these columns, is to quote a smart and interesting letter addressed by Mr. Edmund Yates to the editor of a country newspaper. A few days ago the writer of the periodic London Letter in the *Western Daily Mercury* spoke of the controversy about "Joan of Arc," and referred in rather disrespectful terms to some remarks on the subject by Mr. Yates, in the "Flâneur" letter of *London Society*. The observations of the London gossiper elicited the following communication:—

"To the Editor of the *Western Daily Mercury*. Sir,—The anticipated pleasure of a short stay in Plymouth has been materially mitigated by the discovery that I have unwittingly exposed myself to the rebuke of your esteemed London correspondent. I am not usually in the habit of taking notice of what is written about myself, but this gentleman's statement is sufficiently eccentric to induce me to break my rule.

"He says:—'Mr. Tom Taylor has found another champion in Mr. Edmund Yates, who, as the "Flâneur" in *London Society*, has undertaken to defend the author of "Joan of Arc."'

"Your correspondent has odd notions of a 'defence,' for what I did say in the article in question was as follows:—'The truth is that "Joan of Arc" is but a poor play; and it is to be doubted whether the energetic gentleman who was taken up for declaring his wish to hear Tom Taylor's history was not happier in the station-house than he would have been in the theatre.'

"Your correspondent proceeds to say—'We all know what Mr. Yates's opinion is worth on such a subject. If Mr. Taylor has no better friend to come to the rescue, he is much to be pitied.'

"Of course your correspondent is a better judge than myself of the worth of 'Mr. Yates's opinion.' I can only say that there are some few misguided persons, editors and proprietors of journals and periodicals, who are weak enough to think it worth something handsome, and to pay for it accordingly.

"'And, on such a subject,' says the correspondent, 'this is hard hitting indeed.' My only claim to know anything of matters dramatic is, that my father was for many years a London theatrical manager, and my mother an actress of celebrity of the day; that I was myself for more than six years the dramatic critic of the *Daily News* and other well-known journals; and that certainly, for the last twenty years, I have been intimately acquainted with the leading dramatic writers, critics, and artists of the day.

"I put this plea forward in all humility, and by no means pretend to be so well informed 'on such a subject' as your London Correspondent, who gives his readers an account of the dinner of the Dramatic Authors' Society (to which I have the honour of belonging), who spells the name of the actress, Mdlle. D'Anka, as 'Daucan,' who says that a play by Sir Charles Young, which, according to the author's previously expressed intention, was performed once and once only, 'appears to be well received by the public;' 'but,' adds the satirical rogue, 'it is not every day we have a play from a baronet;' and who is suspiciously well posted up in the forthcoming productions of Mr. Robert Reece, a writer of burlesque.—I am, sir, your obedient servant, "EDMUND YATES.

"Duke of Cornwall Hotel, June 4, 1871."

Without doubt Mr. Yates is a competent critic. We trust that the statement with which he opened the above letter is but a figure of speech. He is too old a stager to permit the pleasure of a short stay at Plymouth to be seriously mitigated by a letter from "Our London Correspondent."

"LONDON LETTERS."

Mr. Yates's epistle reminds us of another matter associated with his name not wholly uninteresting to the public. While on his way to Plymouth, the "Flâneur" stopped at Exeter, and, following what appears to be a laudable habit of his when travelling in the provinces, he read the local journals. In one of them, the *Exeter Daily Telegram*, he observed, as in the Plymouth paper, a note relating to himself. He found himself, indeed, quite a public character in the West of England. The story is a rather long one, but we must shorten it. The editor of the Exeter paper had been exposing the pretensions of a gentleman who wrote poetry and called himself the Viscount de Montgomery, and who had condescended to what appeared to be a rather discreditable subterfuge in the way of puffing in order to sell his works. Having discoursed on that subject, the editor returned next day to the same topic in order to inform his readers that a "London Letter," published regularly in a "Radical contemporary" in Exeter, and purporting to be written by Mr. Edmund Yates, was, in fact, supplied to that journal by the "Viscount de Montgomery."

The point was a good one, but it happened to meet Mr. Yates's eye, whereupon he wrote to the *Exeter Telegram* stating that the literary speculator in question had called upon him some time ago and offered him terms to write a London Letter, with his name attached, which this gentleman intended to supply to certain country papers in accordance with an arrangement of his own. The terms were suitable, and Mr. Yates consented. Perhaps I ought, says Mr. Yates in effect, to have insisted on seeing the certificate of his birth, marriage, and vaccination, but I did not. It was, in fact, a commercial transaction, and Mr. Yates took the gentleman on trust. Having learned, however, that there were grave doubts as to whether Mr. Montgomery was what he represented himself to be, Mr. Yates, there and then, in this letter to the *Exeter Telegram*, declared that he would write no more London Letters for him.

The system on which those letters were written is curious. The speculator, to begin with, is an advertising agent. He offers Mr. Yates a certain sum to write a weekly London Letter with his name to it. He then puts himself in communication with a number of editors of country papers (one in each district), and undertakes to supply a London Letter by Mr. Yates, on consideration of the insertion of a certain number of "standing" advertisements. Thus Mr. Yates's letter appears simultaneously in several parts of the kingdom, and the speculator repays himself with the money taken of the advertisers, setting apart the stipulated portion for the author of the letter.

We have our own reminiscences of the "Viscount de Montgomery." It happened to us many years ago to have to consider an application from a gentleman named Charles Hilton to deliver a lecture on a popular subject at a country Literary Institution. In the enclosure were several sets of verses, of a "gushing" sort, the lucubrations of this Mr. Hilton, accompanied by the prospectus of a book of poems, and a few extravagantly laudatory critiques of his poetic effusions. His favourite lecture, if we remember rightly, was, "On the Beautiful," from which was quoted a very flowery extract as a specimen. He was not engaged, and we heard no more of Mr. Hilton; but a year or two later came a similar application from "Mr. Percy Vernon Gordon de Montgomery," and there were the self-same verses and the identical critiques. A few months more elapsed, and then arrived a letter from the "Viscount de Montgomery," with a prospectus of a charming book of poetry, and some new specimens with all the old ones. His lordship, however, neither lectured nor sold any of his books in that benighted part of the country, and we had lost sight of the poet, whose name improved apparently more rapidly than his fame, until this episode of the London Letter in the Exeter paper, under the signature of Mr. Edmund Yates, fell under our notice.

THE Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, Archbishop Manning, and General Schenck were in the House of Lords on Monday night during the debate on Earl Russell's motion on the Washington treaty.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS.—Diseases and casualties incidental to youth may be safely treated by the use of these excellent medicaments according to the printed directions folded round each pot and box. This Ointment is not alone applicable to external ailments; conjointly with the Pills it exercises the most salutary influence in checking inflammations in the interior of the body; when rubbed upon the back and chest it gives most sensible relief in asthma, bronchitis, pleurisy, and threatening consumption. Holloway's remedies are especially serviceable in liver and stomach complaints. For the cure of bad legs, all sorts of wounds, sores, and likewise scrofula and scorbutic affections, this Ointment produces a cooling and soothing feeling most acceptable to the suffering. [42

OAKEY'S WELLINGTON KNIFE POLISH.—Old knives cleaned constantly with this preparation bear a brilliancy of polish equal to new cutlery. Can be used with any kind of knife-board or knife-cleaning machine. Retail packets 3d. each, and tins 6d., 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. each. Wholesale, Oakey and Sons, Wellington Emery and Black Lead Mills, Blackfriars, London.

SILVER, ELECTRO PLATE, &C., TO CLEAN AND PRESERVE.—*Oakey's Non-Mercurial Silversmiths' Soap* is guaranteed to be free from mercury or any other injurious ingredients too often used in the manufacture of plate powder. Tablets 6d. each, by all grocers, ironmongers, brushmakers, chemists, &c. Wholesale, Oakey and Sons, Wellington Emery and Black Lead Mills, Blackfriars, London. [309

A LOVER'S LAMENT.

Ye forests, be dreary and sigh!
  O sing me a dolorous lay!
Ye clouds, overshadow the sky,
  And tarnish the brightness of day!
Alack! what a dullard was I
  To be caught in a mesh of light hair;
Suck honey from lips, and to lie
  In a bosom used for a snare!

Ye dazzling rivulets, groan!
  Breathe music as sad as my heart;
Ye zephyrs in green dingles, moan!
  Oh! when will my sorrow depart?
I've been duped by a cheating embrace,
  And wooed by a trick of the eye;
She has smiled with a lie in her face,
  And I care not now if I die.

Sing slowly and sadly, ye reeds!
  And stray where ye list, all my kine!
Go sicken on poisonous weeds,
  For I must both sicken and pine.
Ay, mine is to sicken and pine,
  To pine and to sicken and fret,
To long for what cannot be mine,
  To remember what fain I'd forget.

She was fair, and foolish was I—
  I was faithful and deemed she was true;
I loved, and the bright hours went by
  Like cloudlets above in the blue.
But now it is past, and no more
  May I wander in dreams of delight;
There's nothing but sorrow in store;
  Nothing but sorrow and—night.

GUY ROSLYN.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE committee for the reorganisation of the French army, consisting of forty-five members, of whom twenty hold the rank of General or Admiral, are said to have decided unanimously in favour of obligatory military service for every French citizen.

IT is announced that, besides Prince Napoleon, several other Imperialists will offer themselves as candidates in the coming election—namely, M. Forcade de la Roquette, M. Rouher, M. Haussmann, and M. de la Guerronnière.

THE Council of the Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts will hold a *conversazione* on the 29th June, at the Society of British Artists' Galleries.

THE Rev. J. T. Law, Chancellor of the diocese of Lichfield, has erected a fountain in the museum gardens of that city.

LAST year the sum of £5,995,121 was deposited in the post-office savings banks of this country. At the end of last year there was a balance of £15,099,104 due to depositors.

THE *Allgemeine Zeitung* says that Felix Pyat has escaped through Switzerland, but he is no longer in that country.

THE tribes of the Black Mountain, in the Hazara country, have again made a raid upon Agrore. The Khan of Agrore prevented the raiders from doing the mischief they evidently intended.

NEWS from the Persian Gulf confirms the rumour that Major Way, British Consul at Muscat, committed suicide. The unfortunate officer blew out his brains with a gun.

THE "Memorial Fund" collected at Lahore for Sir Donald McLeod is to take the shape of a School of Industry.

THE War Department steamer *Lord Panmure* is discharging, at Woolwich, 17,000 rifles, collected from outlying stations in various parts of Ireland.

THE magnificent collections of the Louvre, including the pictures of the greatest masters of painting, are at Brest, within a few hours' steaming of Southampton. And the *Athenæum* asks:—"Could they not be begged as a glorious loan to England, and shown, say at South Kensington?"

A MOVEMENT, according to the *Athenæum*, is on foot for giving a complimentary banquet to the Comédie Française on its first visit to England. A committee, including many highly influential names, has held its first meeting during the past week.

THE Right Hon. G. Ward-Hunt, M.P., has allotted a piece of ground, upwards of an acre in extent, as a playground for the children of the parish of Wadenhoe, Northamptonshire.

HERR ZANDER, the editor of the Munich *Volksbote*, is about to be prosecuted for an article containing insulting remarks upon the German army.

IT is stated that the steam-coal colliers at present on strike in South Wales have agreed that the questions in dispute between themselves and the colliery owners shall be referred to arbitration. If the masters accede to this, the strike may be expected to terminate within the next few days.

PARIS is looking anxiously for a new law in regard to bills of exchange said to be in preparation. The Bank of France alone holds bills overdue and unpaid to the amount of twenty millions sterling.

MR. CHARLES MATHEWS will spend two years in America, visiting all accessible portions of that continent. He then proposes to return, and take his farewell of the English stage.

MR. DARWIN has been elected a corresponding member of the Academy of Vienna.

THE idea of burning the corpses which have not been properly buried in Paris has been abandoned; it is proposed to exhume all those buried in the Parc des Monceaux, the Jardin du Luxembourg, and other temporary burial-places, and to transfer them to a new cemetery beyond Fort Fanves.

THE establishment of a permanent camp at Nevers is contemplated.

THE statement of the *Morning Post* that it is the intention of the Government to divide the Army Regulation Bill into two parts, and to ask Parliament to pass this session only those provisions which relate to the abolition of purchase, the *Daily News* says, "is, to say the least, premature, and without any present foundation in fact."

THE United States Government is preparing a second deep-sea exploring expedition to the North Pacific. The German Government is about to send a like expedition to explore the depths of the Atlantic to the west of Portugal, where the *Porcupine* expedition of last year met with its greatest biological successes; and the Swedish Government has already despatched two ships, expressly fitted for deep-sea exploration, to Baffin's Bay.

THE *Hamburger Borsenhalle* of the 5th of June states that a bank under the name "Russian London Bank" is about to be formed, and that the articles of association have already been submitted to the Committee of Ministers. The capital is to be 7½ millions of roubles (£1,250,000), in 30,000 shares of 250 roubles.

REPORTS respecting the condition of the grouse over a great proportion of the Highlands are favourable. The birds are healthy, and appearances are promising for sportsmen.

THE crew of the *Galatea* declare that Tahiti was the most beautiful place they saw during their long cruise. The Duke of Edinburgh was photographed while he was in that island, and appears surrounded by a number of natives.

THE Channel fleet has anchored in Cascaes Bay. Great preparations are being made at Lisbon to receive the Emperor of Brazil, who is expected on the 12th of June.

KING VICTOR EMMANUEL has been unwell again, and has been bled several times; but he is now convalescent.

THE Political Committee of the Reform Club have elected as their secretary Mr. Ray.

THE Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, who is recovering from his illness, has left Gotha for Coburg.

THE great drill review of 4,000 boys by Prince Arthur, in the Royal Horticultural Gardens, is postponed till the 22nd inst.

IT has been ascertained that the German divisions of L'Internationale sent a remittance of 700,000f. to the Paris Commune. It was sent by "friends and brethren" at Berlin, and was payable in St. Denis.

THE statement that the Count de Chambord was at Boulogne appears to have been unfounded.

THE execution of Claude Scott Woolley for the Brompton murder has been fixed for the 26th inst.

THE tides in the Thames have been very high recently, and low-lying districts on both sides of the river have been flooded.

A PORTION of the camp at Wimbledon will this year be allotted to the Belgian competitors. A special prize is to be offered to them in addition to the Anglo-Belgian prizes, which are worth between £300 and £400.

THE expenditure for the relief of the poor in the metropolis last year was £1,466,000.

IN Russia the reports just made to the Government are all but unanimous as to the excellent appearance of the crops and the promise of a good harvest.

CANADA is to issue postal cards this month.

JULIA CANTY died last week, at Oswego, aged 105.

THE Bank of Prussia is establishing branches in Alsace.

THE *Scotsman* learns on good authority that Colonel Rossel, of the Paris Commune, has arrived in London.

A NEW Conservative morning paper is to be published in London under the title of the *Champion*. The price is to be one halfpenny.

IN Germany there are published thirty-three journals especially devoted to humour, and their circulation aggregates about 300,000.

THE New York police are to wear helmets, after the London fashion.

THE Austrian Imperial First Grand Master, Prince Hohenlohe, goes shortly to Rome with an autograph letter of congratulation from the Emperor of Austria to the Pope on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ascent of the Papal throne.

IT is not, it seems, the lime light which is to be displayed on the clock tower at Westminster during the sitting of Parliament, but a much more brilliant one—the magneto-electric.

THE small-pox epidemic in London is now nearly stationary, and the Metropolitan Asylums Board have 200 vacant beds at their disposal to meet any immediate emergency. The Board have passed a resolution, suggesting the appointment of a central authority, with powers to enforce vaccination not only in London, but throughout the entire country.

THE funeral of the Hon. Frederick Byng took place on Saturday at the Woking Cemetery. The funeral was strictly private, the chief mourners being Viscount Torrington and the Hon. and Rev. John Byng.

THE Emperor of Russia made but a brief stay in Berlin. His Majesty left the city on Saturday.

THE Lord Mayor of Dublin, Mr. Patrick Bullen, died at the Mansion House on Monday night, shortly before twelve o'clock. His lordship had been unwell for the last few days.

THE statement that the Archbishop of Canterbury has made a rule against the admission of Durham men into the diocese is entirely without foundation.

SEVERAL very important public works have been projected for Alsace and Lorraine, the execution of which is to be very shortly commenced. The principal of these are the canalisation of the Moselle, which, according to the estimates, will cost eight millions of thalers (thirty millions of francs), and the excavation of a canal uniting Strasburg with the Rhine.

THE New Hampshire Legislature have elected Mr. Weston (Democrat) Governor.

THE betrothal of the King of Bavaria to the Princess Marie of Russia will shortly be officially proclaimed. The King will not take part in the customary religious procession on Corpus Christi Day. This resolution is ascribed to religious motives in connection with the Infallibility question.

CAPTAIN SCHUFELDT, of the Tehuantepec Expedition, in a preliminary report to the Secretary of the American Navy, announces that he has discovered a perfectly feasible ship canal route, with good harbours at both termini, and abundant water at the summit.

THE Emperor and Empress of Brazil will land at Lisbon, and will perform quarantine at the Lazaretto.

IT is reported in Vienna that in consequence of the notice received through a circular of the Italian Minister for Foreign Affairs, announcing the approaching removal of the capital, Baron Kubeck, the Austrian Minister at the Italian Court, has received instructions to follow the King of Italy to Rome.

THE statue of Professor Morse, the telegraph inventor, which has been erected in the Central Park at New York, was unveiled on Saturday.

THE Greek Chamber before the close of the session passed a vote expressing sympathy with France on account of the late civil war. The President of the Ministry informed the Chamber that Turkey was contributing with great vigour towards the suppression of brigandage, which is now nearly extirpated.

IT is announced from Toronto that British Columbia will be formally united with Canada on the 20th inst.

THE *Observer* is informed that a compromise has been proposed on the Thames Embankment question by which the vacant space claimed by the Crown, with the exception of a small triangular strip of ground at the Westminster Bridge end, would be converted into a garden easily accessible to, if not thrown open to, the general public.

M. PICARD refuses the governorship of the Bank of France, and it is again rumoured that M. Favre has resigned.

IT is stated by the Berlin correspondent of the *Times*, who professes to have good authority for his information, that after the armed insurrection of the Commune had begun, a sympathising address, bearing the signatures of 3,000 workmen, was sent from Berlin to Paris.

A MEETING of the clergy of county Meath, to consider the recent evictions, will shortly be held.

THE *Gazette* notifies that the 1st Essex Volunteer Corps and the 20th Essex Rifle Volunteer Corps have been struck off the records.

A STRONG resolution has been passed by the Grand Orange Institution of Ireland against Mr. William Johnstone, M.P. Mr. Johnstone has resigned the grand mastership of the town of Belfast on that account.

WE learn from the *Tribune* of Bordeaux that the *Défense Républicaine* has been brought before a council of war at Limoges on account of a sentence which runs thus:—"Some of the streets have not yet been defiled by the troops." The journalist had written "fouillées" (searched); the printer had put it "souillées" (defiled).

IT is announced that M. Dumas, fils, will offer himself as a candidate for the Parisian suffrages at the supplementary elections, and his success is regarded as certain.

THE Ulster farmers are greatly alarmed at the prospect of an almost total failure of the flax crop, caused chiefly by the insufficiency of rain.

THE annual congress of the Social Science Association, to be held in Leeds, has been fixed to take place from the 4th to the 11th of October next.

THE Marquis of Lorne took his seat in the House of Commons the other night for the first time since his marriage, and voted with the Government on the Army Bill.

LORD O'HAGAN is about to be married to Miss Alice Townley, youngest daughter of Mr. Charles Townley, of Townley Park, near Burnley, Lancashire.

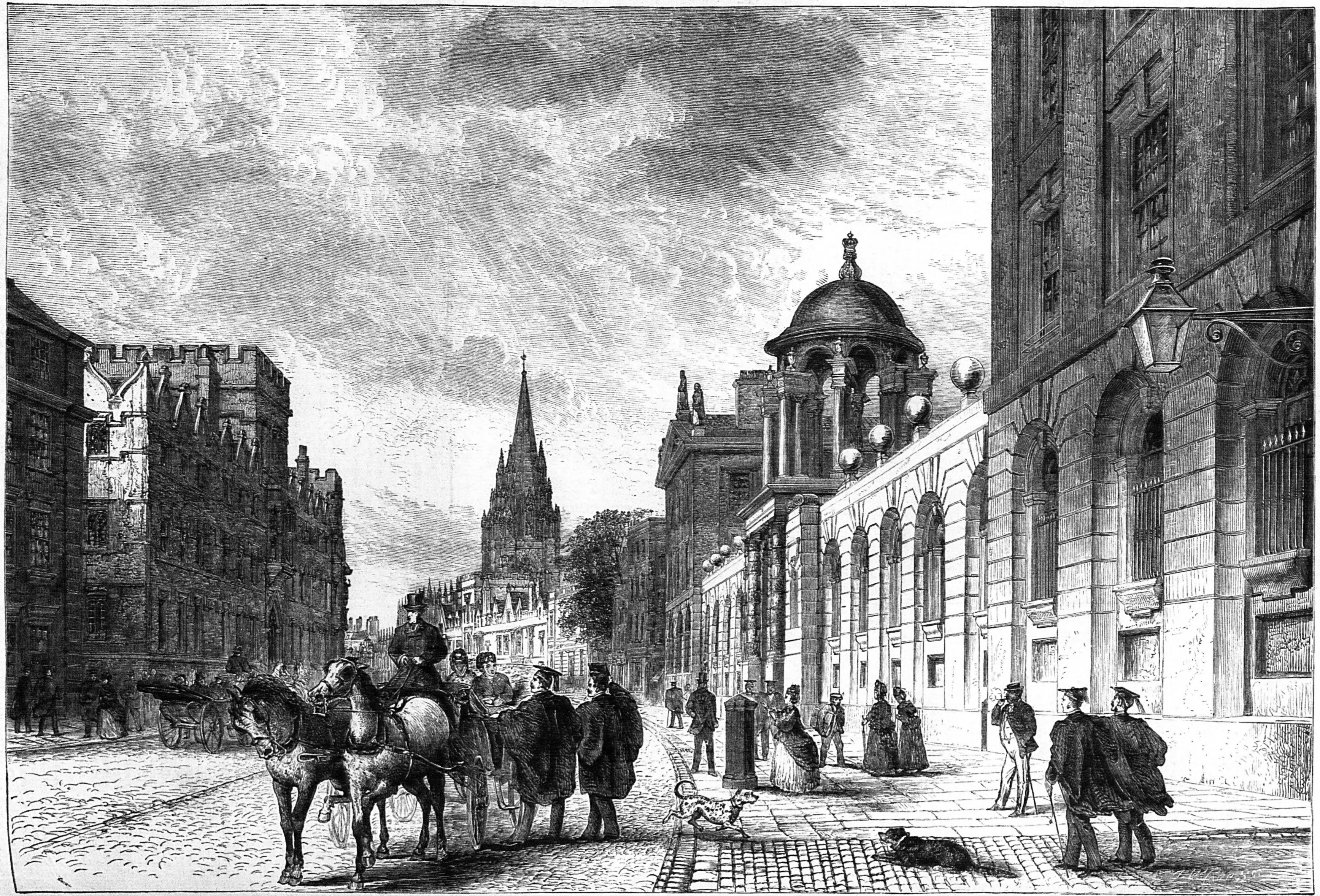
PATENT TEETH ON SOFT GUMS.—Mr. WILLIAM J. WATSON, Surgeon Dentist, 16, Newhall Street, Birmingham, begs to inform the inhabitants of the Midland Counties that he is the SOLE INVENTOR and DISCOVERER of a new system of fixing PATENT TEETH on SOFT GUMS, and he being the actual Maker, is enabled to supply Teeth *at about one-third the usual charges.* Single Teeth from 3s. 6d. each; Sets from £2 10s., including all charges. Perfectly fitted at one visit. Attendance daily from nine a.m. till eight p.m. Consultation free. [164

BEAUTIFUL HAIR.—THE PLAIN TRUTH.—If people will only use Mrs. S. A. ALLEN'S PREPARATIONS, they will have no trouble about their Hair. Mrs. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER will positively and certainly restore the natural original colour in every case of greyness, no matter from what cause it arises—the hair is stimulated to natural growth. The "Zylobalsamum," as a hair-dressing for young and old, is the best article that can be used; it imparts a gloss and vigorous appearance to the hair very beautiful to see. The Restorer, 6s.; the Zylobalsamum, 3s. (Separate preparations—not at all necessary to be used together.)—Depôt, 266, High Holborn, London. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers. [366

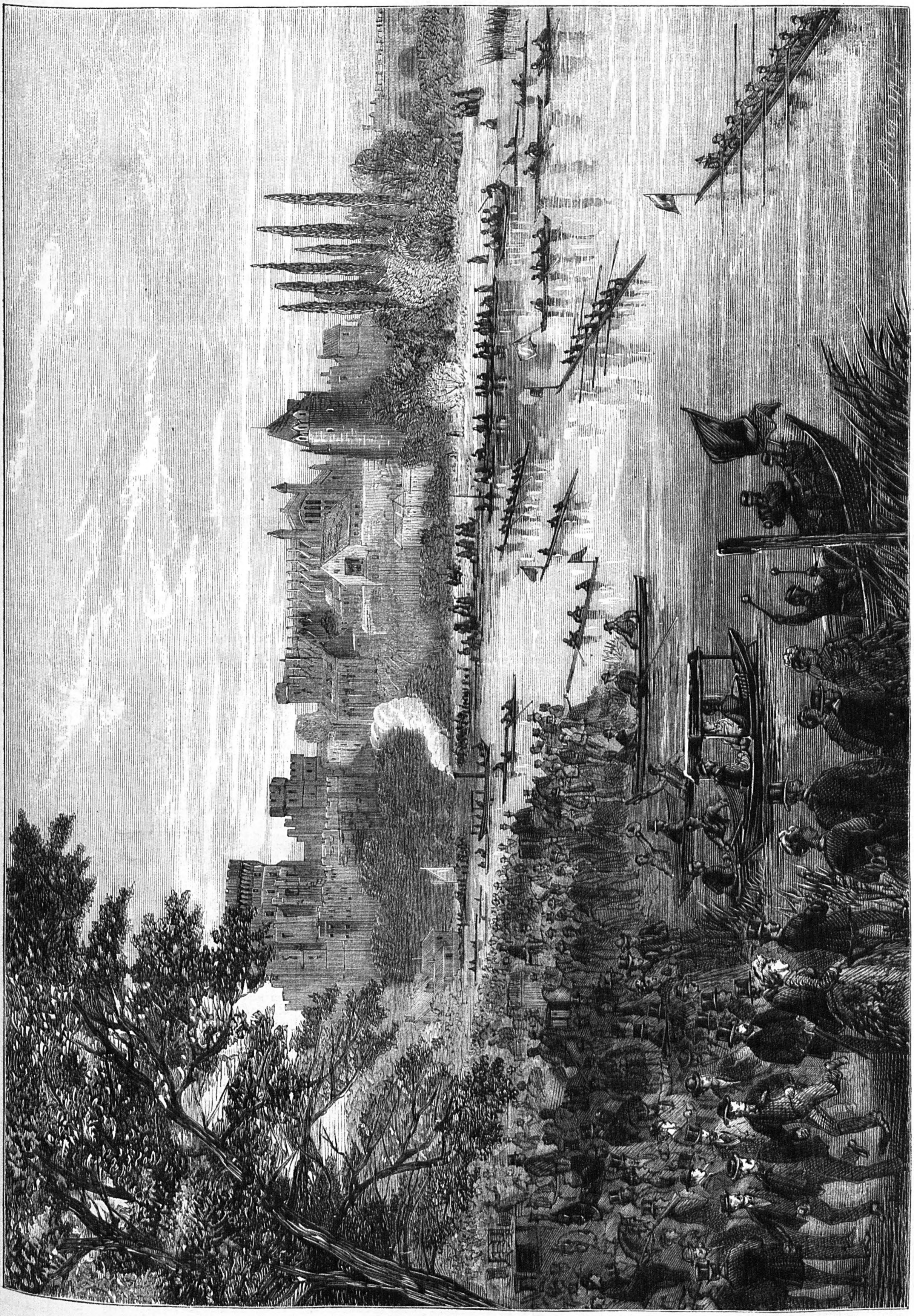
FLORILINE!!—For the Teeth and Breath.—A few drops of the FRAGRANT FLORILINE on a wet tooth brush produces a delightful foam, which cleanses the teeth from all impurities, strengthens and hardens the gums, prevents tartar, and arrests the progress of decay. It gives to the Teeth a peculiar and beautiful whiteness, and imparts a delightful fragrance to the breath. It removes all unpleasant odour arising from decayed Teeth, a disordered stomach, or tobacco smoke. The Fragrant Floriline is purely vegetable, and equally adapted to old and young. It is the greatest Toilet discovery of the age. Sold in elegant cases, complete, at 2s. 6d., by all Chemists and Perfumers.—H. C. GALLUP, Proprietor, 493, Oxford-street, London. [156

TO CLEAN A SILK DRESS.—Use Archer's improved Colloid, as advertised on page 234. This article is also invaluable for washing prints, muslins, and all coloured frocks or dresses for spring and summer wear. [361

FACEACHE, TOOTHACHE, TIC DOLOREUX.—ADAM SMITH'S NEURALGINE effects a certain cure.—Depôt, 39, Ann-street. Sold by all Chemists; and Gare, Green, Bagott, of Dudley. [107



OXFORD COMMEMORATION : View of High Street.



THE FOURTH OF JUNE AT ETON: PROCESSION OF BOATS.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THE GRAND SALOON
SUMMER DINING ROOMS ARE NOW OPEN.
BERTRAM and ROBERTS,
Refreshment Department.
[391

SILKS FROM FRANCE—TWO THOUSAND DRESSES at 22s. 6d. each, containing an abundant quantity. They are fashionable, plain colours, brocaded and twilled, made of bright silk, with a small portion of wool, just sufficient to make the fabric excellent for wear. Rich Silks, in Dresses, at 25s. 6d., 31s. 6d., 40s., and 45s. Black Gros Grains, Glacés, and Cords, made of bright Italian Silk, with a warranty for wear, wide width, at 3s. 6½d. per yard. Patterns sent.
HARVEY & CO.,
Lambeth House, Westminster Bridge, S.E.

JAPANESE SILKS, wide, at 2s. 6½d. the yard, in every possible shade of colour; they are of the German make, enriched with plenty of silk, and warranted for wear. Patterns sent.
HARVEY & CO.,
Lambeth House, Westminster Bridge, S.E.

PALADINE CLOTH for DRESSES and COSTUMES, 27in. wide, ten yards for 12s. 6d. The material is very fine, firm, and soft, and one of the latest specimens of exquisite French taste. Colours are mauve, silver, brown, buff, green, slate, blue, lavender, &c.; the tints are perfect, such as hitherto have only been produced in articles of silk; and of the same fabric, nice new dresses, at 7s. 6d., 8s. 9d., and 10s. 9d. This being sacrificed property, it is selling rapidly. Patterns sent.
HARVEY & CO.,
Lambeth House, Westminster Bridge, S.E. [418

BROWN AND POLSON'S
CORN FLOUR
IS GENUINE.
Prepared solely from
Maize—Indian Corn.
Best Quality, 2d., 4d., 8d.
Second Quality, 1½d., 3d., 6d.
Beware of
CHEAP QUALITIES BEARING A FALSE NAME,
Depending upon the recommendation of
PROFESSIONAL TESTIMONIAL WRITERS.

BROWN AND POLSON'S
CORN FLOUR,
with Milk for
Children's Diet.

PEARLINA.—BROWN AND POLSON'S
Differs from Corn Flour
in being granulated
and rich in gluten.

PEARLINA.—BROWN AND POLSON'S
For
DELICIOUS PUDDINGS,
in great variety.

PEARLINA.
PLUM PUDDING RECIPE.

Take one teacupful of Pearlina, steep it in one cupful of milk for an hour, then add half-a-cupful of flour, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, quarter lb. of suet, two ounces of orange peel, quarter lb. raisins, quarter lb. currants; add two eggs, well beaten up, then a teaspoonful of ground cinnamon, and the same of ginger; tie in a bowl or cloth, and boil for three hours.

THIS MAKES IT AS RICH AND LIGHT AS SIX EGGS AND SIX HOURS' BOILING WOULD DO WITHOUT PEARLINA.
[936

THE VALLEY OF POPPIES, the New Story by the Author of "The Tallants of Barton" and "Christopher Kenrick," is commenced in this month's GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE. One Shilling Monthly. London: W. H. ALLEN & Co.

THE PAISLEY GAZETTE says:—Laden with the memory of 140 years good old Sylvanus Urban begins his new volume with a new novel, "The Valley of Poppies," by the author of "Christopher Kenrick." And what is the Valley of Poppies? It is the parish of Summerdale-in-the-Water—"the sleepy hollow of fairy tales, the lost village, the border-land of life"—of which the perpetual curate was George Himbleton, who is the autobiographical hero of "The Vale of Poppies." We shall have something more to say of this novel, which promises well when the story gets farther on.

THE VALLEY OF POPPIES, the New Story by the Author of "The Tallants of Barton" and "Christopher Kenrick," is commenced in this month's GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE. One Shilling Monthly. London: W. H. ALLEN & Co.

THE CORK EXAMINER of May 31st says:—The GENTLEMAN'S in this month rings out the old and rings in the new. . . . The new story is "The Valley of Poppies," by the author of "Christopher Kenrick." Of this writer, the speciality is the reproduction of quiet contemplative scenes. He likes to blend all incidents with the locality in which they occur, reminding us of some of those old paintings respecting which it is hard to say whether they are to be called pictures of men and women with elaborate background or landscapes with figures. His style is graceful, suggesting reminiscences of Nathaniel Hawthorne or of Charles Lamb. Indeed, the affection of the latter for quaint turns of phrase taken from the elder dramatists seems to point him out as the more favourite study.

THE VALLEY OF POPPIES, the New Story by the Author of "The Tallants of Barton" and "Christopher Kenrick," is commenced in this month's GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE. One Shilling Monthly. London: W. H. ALLEN & Co.

THE KENT HERALD of June 1st says:—The first chapters of the new tale by the author of "Christopher Kenrick" are given this month with such a lovely little vignette of the church of "Summerdale-in-the-Water." The genial, happy-minded author gives us a foretaste of a great treat in this story, and we believe it will become as great a favourite with the readers of the GENTLEMAN'S as "Christopher" himself was.

THE VALLEY OF POPPIES, the New Story by the Author of "The Tallants of Barton" and "Christopher Kenrick," is commenced in this month's GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE. One Shilling Monthly. London: W. H. ALLEN & Co.

THE ABERDEEN HERALD of June 3rd says:—The GENTLEMAN'S for June opens with a new story by the author of "Christopher Kenrick," bearing the somewhat strange title of "The Valley of Poppies." The narrative is given out to be the autobiography of a curate, written at the request of some of his friends. The style of the writer is subdued and natural, and his descriptive abilities are of a high order. The opening chapters are very successful, and we shall watch with interest the incidents in the curate's life.

THE VALLEY OF POPPIES, the New Story by the Author of "The Tallants of Barton" and "Christopher Kenrick," is commenced in this month's GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE. One Shilling Monthly. London: W. H. ALLEN & Co.

THE CIRENCESTER TIMES of June 5th says:—The GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE this month opens with the first six chapters of a new story—"The Valley of Poppies"—the writer of which has received very high encomiums for his previous works.

THE VALLEY OF POPPIES, the New Story by the Author of "The Tallants of Barton" and "Christopher Kenrick," is commenced in this month's GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE. One Shilling Monthly. London: W. H. ALLEN & Co.

THE GLOBE of June 1 says:—We are glad to place in the foremost rank of the periodicals for June the far-famed GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE. Very few can compare with it, either in the quality of their articles or in their varied and interesting character. A new novel, "The Valley of Poppies," opens this month, and so far it promises well.

OSLER'S CRYSTAL GLASS CHANDELIERS.
TABLE GLASS OF ALL KINDS.
CHANDELIERS in BRONZE and ORMOLU.
MODERATOR LAMPS and LAMPS FOR INDIA.
LONDON Show Rooms, 45, Oxford Street, W.
BIRMINGHAM Manufactory and Show Rooms, Broad Street. [374

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

J. & P. COATS, SEWING, TATTING, AND CROCHET COTTON MANUFACTURERS, PAISLEY.
Holders of Prize Medals awarded at the London and Paris Exhibitions for Excellence of Quality.

J. & P. COATS beg to call the attention of the Public to their IMPROVED BEST SOFT SEWING COTTON, which, with the view of more fully meeting the wants of Sewing Machines, they now make Six-Cord in all lengths from No. 10 to 100 inclusive.

The importance of this change will be more clearly understood when they state that in the Trade ordinary Soft Sewing Cotton, in all lengths, known as Six-Cord, is such to No. 40 only, being Four-Cord from 42 to 70, and Three-Cord above that number.

WHOLESALE AGENT—WILLIAM GILMOUR, 80, WOOD STREET, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON. [377

CONTINENTAL TASTE.—Messrs. JAY have the honour to announce to their distinguished Customers that, notwithstanding the political confusions which exist in France, the Parisian modistes and couturières are as active as ever, and furnish Messrs. JAY with some of the prettiest and most striking NOVELTIES in COSTUMES, DRESSES, MANTLES, and MILLINERY they have had on show for many years.
JAY'S,
247, 249, 251, REGENT STREET.

CONTINENTAL TASTE.—MANTLES FOR JUNE.
Messrs. JAY have never been better supplied, during their long experience in the importation of Fashions, with Mantles than at the present time. They, therefore, confidently invite their distinguished patronesses and all other ladies to a careful inspection of the same.
JAY'S,
247, 249, 251, REGENT STREET. [419

WOOD ENGRAVING.—Mr. GILKS begs respectfully to announce his REMOVAL from Bedford Row to 11, KING'S ROAD, BEDFORD ROW, Gray's Inn, W.C., London. [330

H. WALKER'S QUEEN'S OWN NEEDLES.
[336

B. BARNARDO,
76, ARGYLE STREET, GLASGOW,
The largest Importer and Manufacturer of FURS in Scotland. [382

GRAND DOUBLE NUMBER
OF
THE ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.
On July 8 will be published a
DOUBLE NUMBER OF THE ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.
With which will be issued
A LARGE-SIZE TINTED LITHOGRAPHIC PICTURE OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1871.
PRICE OF THE DOUBLE NUMBER AND SUPPLEMENT, SIXPENCE.
Orders should be given early.

PUBLISHING OFFICE, 102, FLEET STREET, E.C.

NOTICES.

THE London Publishing Office of this Paper is at 102, Fleet-street, where the trade can now be supplied early on Friday mornings.

COMMUNICATIONS for the Publisher should be addressed to 102, Fleet-street, London, E.C. All letters for the Editor must be addressed "Editor, ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, 72, Turnmill-street, London, E.C."

FROM March 18 until July 1 the rate of charges for Advertisements will be:—
6d. A LINE IN ORDINARY INNER PAGES.
9d. A LINE ON THE BACK PAGE.
2s. A LINE ON LEADER PAGE.

AFTER July 1 these charges will be increased to 9d., 1s., and 2s. 6d.

ON Advertisements ordered for Continuous Insertion the following discounts will be allowed:—

5 per Cent. off	13 insertions.
10 ,,	26 ,,
15 ,,	39 ,,
20 ,,	52 ,,

THE matter in Serial Advertisements may be changed as desired. At the conclusion of existing Contracts no Block Advertisements will be inserted.

⁂ ADVERTISEMENTS cannot be received after 12 o'clock on Wednesdays.

THE Paper will be delivered to the Public by any News-agent in London or the Country, at 13s. a year; or free by post from London for 15s., prepaid.

THE Illustrated NEWSPAPER

LONDON, JUNE 17, 1871.

LORD RUSSELL'S motion against the Treaty of Washington was negatived in the House of Lords on Monday night without a division. The discussion arising out of the noble Earl's proposition is instructive and useful, but it nevertheless demonstrates pretty clearly that Earl RUSSELL'S motion arose out of personal feeling. The *Alabama* difficulties had birth during his Government, and his lordship is naturally desirous that no reflection should now be cast upon his administration. He evidently regards the retrospective character of the Treaty as a tacit condemnation of his policy in the past. We do not think the public view it in this light. There was no law in operation which could at the time prevent the *Alabama* from leaving our shores. It would have been a breach of international law to fit out any vessel for warlike purposes in a neutral port. But the *Alabama* was declared to have been built for a neutral Power and for commercial purposes. It was, however, equipped for war at sea, when it was out of the control of the English Government. The Treaty of Washington very properly, we think, provides against any repetition of this evasion of international law, and it does so without for a moment casting any blame upon the late Government of Lord RUSSELL. There is, however, one feature of the Treaty which certainly deserves reconsideration. The policy of the Home Government has for some years past been offensive to the Colonies. Throughout the whole negotiations between England and America with regard to the Treaty of Washington, Canada has felt that she would be sacrificed by the Home Government in view of a complete settlement between England and America. Apart from these considerations, it is only fair that Canada should have some voice in the settlement of the Fishery question. Meanwhile, however, the House of Lords have certainly done wisely in rejecting Lord RUSSELL'S motion.

WE have signs at last of a newspaper crusade against the modern degradation of the stage. A few weeks ago the *Hereford Journal*, a popular, influential, and outspoken paper, drawing a parallel between France and England, pointed out the danger which threatens this country from the influence which French fashions and French manners have had upon us for some years past. The writer argued, whether right or wrong, that London is demoralised by French art and French influences. Despite the high art of the Comédie Française, the Hereford journalist asserted that the French are giving a low tone to our amusements and a meretricious glitter to our mode of life. "The Haymarket is crowded with the worst of their women, our literature is contaminated with loose French ideas, and the stage, in plundering French dramatic works, has adopted the immodest manner of their third and fourth-rate actresses. When once the modesty and virtue of a nation's women is held in light esteem by society, its greatness is on the wane, the axe is at the tree, the day of judgment is foreshadowed. The bad conduct of a nation is punished through natural laws, just as the wickedness of individuals creates its own Nemesis. The fashionable haunts of London are crowded with the *demi-monde*. They brush shoulders with our princesses; they meet us everywhere. They ride and drive in the parks; they fill our theatres, both on the stage and in the boxes. They are the curse of modern London." This is rather strong language, but we regret to say that it is not unjustifiable. Since the provincial journalist launched out in this style Mr. PLANCHE, the veteran dramatist, has written a long letter to the *Builder*, advocating the establishment of a national theatre where the thousands of persons of taste who are now excluded from the theatres by the wretched character of many of the entertainments can be sure all the year round of witnessing the performance of the best of our English plays. Mr. TOM TAYLOR has supported Mr. PLANCHE in a letter to the *Echo*, calling upon Society to take some steps for rescuing the drama from the dust and filth into which it has fallen. Mr. TAYLOR says he can count upon his fingers the theatres which are properly conducted, and he refers to some of our public theatrical exhibitions as simply disgraceful. We hope this appeal to the intellect and morality of the nation will have a beneficial effect. In these days of educational agitation it is a subject for the deepest regret that the stage, which is perhaps one of the highest media of education extant, should become a teacher of vice and immorality. In many of the provincial districts of England where the theatre has sunk into the condition of a sort of dramatic music hall, its fall was hastened by managers driving from the dress circle the respectable citizens of every district. Puritanism and a narrow interpretation of morals and religion, no doubt, had some influence in reducing the number of patrons of provincial theatres, but the sectarian pulpit was unfortunately supported in its denunciations of the drama by the conduct of managers themselves, who, feeling that they were in danger of losing their respectable patrons, immediately appealed to the lower classes of the populace. This in many towns has been the utter ruin of the theatre, while in other districts where the managers were faithful to the great mission of the drama, the stage has held its own in spite of the meretricious opposition of "gaffs" and music halls. The London managers, we fear, are making the same mistake as that which has ruined so many country theatres. They are appealing, not to playgoers, but to the lowest class of intellect, and pandering to the worst passions of humanity. We have no hesitation in saying that, apart from the degradation of such a position, managers will find at last that this system is far less profitable than the higher policy of theatrical management which appeals to the better faculties of human nature. There are instances, no doubt, and many of them, where the public has strangely neglected meritorious efforts on the part of managers to develop the legitimate drama. Nevertheless, we could point to several modern examples of the success of purely moral and high-class management. All true admirers of dramatic art will look anxiously for some good results to arise out of the letters of Mr. PLANCHE and Mr. TAYLOR.

ON page 233 we publish an illustration of the great sewing cotton works of Messrs. J. P. COATS and Co., at Paisley. The engraving is from a sketch by one of our special artists. As an example of the palatial factory architecture of the north, the picture will be interesting to our readers, both at home and in the colonies.

OXFORD COMMEMORATION.

LAST year the election of the Marquis of Salisbury as the new Chancellor of the University gave unusual interest to the proceedings of the Commemoration, and helped to render the festival one of the most brilliant and successful ever held. The Commemoration this year, however, opened gloomily, and visitors were very few. On Monday the weather was dull. There were one or two boating parties to Nuneham and one or two excursions to Blenheim, and at two p.m. the Oxford Philharmonic Society gave their grand concert in the Sheldonian Theatre. There was a fair audience, but the noble building was anything but full, though the programme included Beethoven's "Choral Fantasia," Barnett's "Ancient Mariner," &c., and though Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Madame Poole, and Mr. Vernon Rigby were among the list of performers.

The evening was devoted to the "Procession of Boats," which is always an attractive spectacle, and which drew this year a large crowd to Christ Church Meadow, the bleak east wind of the last few days, so suggestive of March rather than June, having given way to summer sunshine. The College crews were mustered at Christ Church at half-past five, and marched in procession, preceded by flags and a band of music, down what we suppose must henceforth be called "the new Broad Walk," reaching from the back gate of Christ Church straight across the meadow to the boats, and some cannon were fired as a *feu-de-joie* to celebrate the inauguration of the Walk. Soon after six o'clock the college eight-oars, about forty in all, whose crews previously had rowed leisurely to Iffley, were started by a signal gun on their course up the river, University leading the way. The head boat then stationed itself before the University barge, and each of the other boats—both racing and torpids—as they came up saluted her crew by tossing up their oars; then, passing on under the left hand arch of Folly Bridge and out again through the centre arch, they proceeded again down the river, turned round a punt anchored off the Long Bridges, and returned up to their several stations. The day passed off without drawback or accident, with the exception of the crew of one of the Wadham boats being upset in the river, which caused great merriment among the spectators.

The festivities of the day were brought to an end by a Masonic ball at the Corn Exchange, which was attended by between 400 and 500 persons.

We illustrate on page 224 a portion of Oxford's principal thoroughfare, High-street, which is lined on either side with grand old city buildings. The four entrances into Oxford from the several points of the compass, form its leading streets. The London and North Western branch from Bletchley, and the Great Western line to Birmingham, have stations on the road from Bath. In this western direction, Oxford is approached by seven bridges. Beneath the last of these the stream passes the Norman Keep Tower of the Castle, which will, upon crossing it, be seen to the right. Continuing in the same road, the castle will shortly afterwards be seen again, with modern assize courts and similar buildings in close vicinity. Further on to the left is a church formerly within the Castle Bailey, and hence called St. Peter-le-Bailey. We next come to Carfax, and the church there situated, dedicated to St. Martin of Tours, but more generally known as Carfax. The tower was used in the thirteenth century by townsmen to annoy the scholars, in the sanguinary conflicts which then took place; it was dwarfed in consequence, but it retains its ancient battlements. We have now on our left the northern thoroughfare; before us, the High-street, terminating the approach from the east; and to the right, the one from the south. Passing, this way, the city buildings, we see on our right the church of St. Aldate, an ancient Briton who defeated Hengist. Going up towards the place where Dr. Johnson studied—Pembroke College—below and behind this quaint old church, we have an excellent view of the noble great west front entrance to Christ Church—an establishment partly cathedral but mainly collegiate. It should be explained that the Priory of St. Frideswide was founded in 740; the first prior appointed began the cathedral about 1120; Lady Montacute added to that a chapel and gave the meadow in 1350; Cardinal Wolsey found the ecclesiastical edifices ready to hand, and when in the height of authority he was empowered to suppress twenty-two monasteries, and endow with their revenues a school at Ipswich and a college at Oxford. One of these suppressed monastic institutions was St. Frideswide's, and here he commenced his famous cathedral-college. Before he could complete his plans he fell from favour, yet, incompletely as his scheme was carried out, it is an incomparable example of his genius, as it also is of his power. His jealous royal master, after some hesitation, completed the college on a smaller scale by the spoliation of the neighbouring Oseney Abbey, then "the envy of Europe." The handsome octagon belfry over the gateway contains the Big Tom of Oseney—a bell twice the weight of the large one in St. Paul's. A spacious gateway beneath the mighty Tom opens into the largest quadrangle in Oxford, containing residences for the dean and canons, as well as rooms for students. There is a statue of Wolsey in the S.E. corner. Standing here one may well apply the words used with reference to Sir Christopher Wren in St. Paul's: "If you seek his monument, look around."

Beneath Wolsey's statue is a suitable entrance-hall. The exquisite fan roof is supported by a single pillar. The massive staircase leads into the dining-hall, which is on such a scale of magnificence that there is no superior refectory in England. The new buildings for students, on the south, look across the Broad Walk and Christ Church Meadow, on the verge of which are college barges. The cathedral is full of interesting memorials of the bygone times of Oxford, and of different styles of architecture. It has what is believed to be the earliest English spire. Returning into the large "Tom Quad," we have facing us the statue of Bishop Fell, a former dean of the college; the passage underneath it leads into Peckwater Quad, the site of an old inn or hall kept by a citizen of that name, containing numerous suites of students' rooms, as well as the college library and picture and sculpture gallery. The extensive buildings of Christ Church are now terminated by Canterbury Gate—interesting as the site of a college of which Wycliffe, the Father of the Reformation, was the warden, and Sir Thomas More a scholar. The books of Christ Church bear a long line of illustrious names, including those of Sir P. Sydney, Locke, Camden, Penn, Ben Jonson, G. Canning, Sir Robert Peel, Gladstone, and the Prince of Wales.

A few steps forward from this Doric gateway is Corpus Christi College, founded in 1516, by Fox, Bishop of Winchester. The doctrine implied by the title is indicated by the chalice and paten over the gate. Professorships were founded here for the studies of Greek and Latin, when they were in a languishing state. The college is regarded as a memorial of the revival of letters, and Erasmus, who took the foremost part in this revival in Oxford, said that what the Colossus was to Rhodes, and what the Mausoleum was to Caria, that would Corpus Christi College be to Britain. Corpus Christi College has since then produced the learned and judicious Hooker, the ever memorable Hales, and more recently Arnold and Keble, and the geologist Buckland. Many learned and estimable men repose in the cloisters, and their graves may be seen from the passage across the court.

Within sight of Corpus Christi College is a beautiful fifteenth century tower—that of Merton College Chapel, and the parish church of St. John.

A little beyond Merton is St. Alban's Hall, a place of lodgings for students in 1230, when it belonged to a citizen named Albano. It is now an academical mansion for students, who live in it under discipline and instruction, and pass through the course of study to their several degrees, precisely in the same way as others who reside in college. This is the only structure remaining of the ancient halls at one time so numerous, and it has a curious bell-tower of great antiquity. Oriel College will be found on the right of the gate of Christ Church. The college was originally founded in the adjoining High-street, by Edward II., aided by his almoner, Adam de Brom. The present mansion, on the site of *Le Oriole Halle*, belonged to the chaplain of the neighbouring St. Mary's Church. Edward III. gave it to the society established by his father. It is dedicated to St. Mary-the-Virgin, whose statue appears in the outer quadrangle. The Spanish ball-flower, or pomegranate, employed in the decorations of the college, is in honour of Eleanor of Castille, the founder's mother. The ogee battlements are much admired. Contiguous to Oriel is its offshoot, St. Mary Hall, whose old chapel is seen built over the refectory. We now approach the University and Parish Church of St. Mary-the-Virgin, whose crowned and crucifixed image over the porch gave rise to one of the articles of impeachment against Archbishop Laud, for allowing his chaplain to erect them. The date of the original structure is shown by the ball-flower decorations of the beautiful spire. Within the west door is the gravestone of the "hapless countess," Amy Robsart. Many royal personages helped to beautify the interior. Wycliffe, Wesley, and Newman, have successively occupied the pulpit. Here are also preached the Bampton Lectures—themselves a library of divinity.

St. Mary's Church is the southern limit of Radcliffe-square; the centre of this square is occupied by the *Camera Bodleiana*, now so termed on account of the classic form of that structure, and because it is used as a reading-room to the Bodleian Library.

The west side of Radcliffe-square is formed of the library, chapel, and elaborate tower gateway of Brasenose College. Over the entrance is a large gilt model of a nose, a "brazen" rebus adopted as a kind of humorous badge. Within the tower gateway is a genuine ancient wicket door.

We leave the further side of Radcliffe-square by a narrow passage with a groined roof, leading into the midst of quadrangular buildings known as the Schools. Immediately on the right is one of the four rooms in which lectures were at one time given in different schools of learning, the subjects being still indicated by external letters of gold. This first apartment is now used for the performances of candidates for musical degrees. Two other similar rooms are yet devoted to their original purposes in connection with natural philosophy and medicine. The remaining one stores the valuable Arundelian Marbles. The main, but seldom opened entrance to the Schools quadrangle, exhibits on its inner side the five Roman orders of architecture, with a statue of James I. attended by Religion and Fame. The north-east corner doorway admits to the examinations, which are partly oral and public. Outside are seen the lists of those who are not content with simply passing for a degree, but wish to be classed one, two, three, according to their merit. The class lists exhibit the most historically familiar names of "the land we live in;" and this highly academic quadrangle presents a very animated appearance when those lists appear. Crossing over to the opposite and south-west corner, we find a small doorway where Sir Thomas Bodley, having travelled abroad as British Minister and been to Court at home, "set up his staff at the library at Oxford, and did restore, or rather re-found it" (1597-1602). This, in fact, is the unpretentious entrance to the University or

Bodleian Library, comprising over 250,000 vols., MSS., and various precious treasures of literature and art, to which additions are constantly being made.

We leave the Schools quadrangle by the *Proscholium* facing the principal entrance; this vestibule retains the degraded name of the Pigmarket, serving to indicate the unauthorised use made at the time of the Reformation of the building of which it forms the approach.

The Divinity School was commenced in 1445, and finished in 1480. It was not restored to its present condition till the time of Sir Christopher Wren, who opened a door to give better effect to processions across the court into the celebrated Sheldonian Theatre. Another door opens into the Convocation House, erected in 1639. In it is transacted the general business of the university. It is used for conferring degrees. It has an *apodyterium*, or robing-room. Here the graduate, having received his degree, assumes the distinction of dress by which it is denoted.

The Sheldonian Theatre was constructed by Wren, on a ground plan resembling that of the theatre of Marcellus, at Rome; the ceiling was designed to represent painted canvas stretched over gilt cordage. The construction is very peculiar, and will repay examination. The commemoration of the founders and benefactors of the university is celebrated here every year, when the area is covered by M.A.'s, the semicircle by university dignitaries, and distinguished persons summoned to receive the degree of "D.C.L." Abundant accommodation is also given ladies, and the upper gallery is allotted to the undergraduates. A good view of the surrounding buildings is obtained from the cupola in wet weather. The handsome pillared building adjoining the theatre is "The Clarendon," having been partly rebuilt from the proceeds of Lord Clarendon's "History of the Great Rebellion," the copyright of which was presented to the University. It formerly served as the University Printing Office; it is now devoted to various purposes. The Vice-Chancellor's Court is held there. On the other side of the theatre is the Ashmolean Museum, containing many very rare curiosities.

Park-street, near the Clarendon, runs past Wadham College, where the Royal Society was originated.

Further on in this direction, we come to the Parks, where attention is challenged by the New Museum. Upon this over £100,000 was spent, the university being assisted by friends; the object was to promote natural science, and especially the studies of medicine, mineralogy, physiology, zoology, chemistry, geology, natural and experimental philosophy.

Returning towards the "Clarendon," we see on its left Magdalen Hall, built in 1820, on the site of an old college which trained Lord Clarendon; the translator of the Bible, and martyr, Tyndale; Hobbs, John Selden, and C. J. Fox. On the left of this is New College-street, which speedily brings us to the memorable pile of William of Wykeham. The gatehouse opens into a quad, the upper storey of which was added in 1675. The other buildings are just as they came from the hands of their great architect and founder.

Pursuing the lane, we pass the very ancient church of St. Peter's-in-the-East, constructed at different periods between the twelfth and fifteenth centuries, commencing with a crypt well worth seeing, and ending with a chambered porch. Adjoining it is St. Edmund's Hall, once an estate of Oseney Abbey, now belonging to the contiguous college, of which we shall say more anon. We turn to the left at the end of the lane, and see beyond a row of elms the beautiful buildings of St. Mary Magdalen, the splendid foundation of William of Waynflete, in 1456.

The way in which the High-street displays itself in returning from the Bridge is something, once seen, never forgotten. First of all there is a delightful prospect of spreading emerald, watery glades, and closely bowered walks. Then there is a gem-like glimpse, through the solid setting of a gate, by Inigo Jones, of a fountain playing in the Botanic Garden. Next we leave the matchless Magdalen tower, ruling this landscape of its own, we see a classic cupola—that of Queen's College—and palace-like buildings suggestive of Luxembourg. Opposite we have a reverend weather-beaten college front—that of University College—whose frowning towers, at night, seem like some grim old castle. Looking back, we have the elms and bridge and tower in view; as we move forward, we are presented with a lengthy city vista, flanked by pointing spires, and closed by the busy scene of traffic round the low embattled church of Carfax.

We are indebted for our leading topographical facts to an excellent little guide published by Abel Heywood and Son, of Manchester.

FRENCHWOMEN AND THE REVOLUTION.

THE women of Paris have played a conspicuous part in the French revolution, and history will speak of them as being more mischievous than the men, while equally stubborn and atrocious. The women of France, and more particularly of Paris, have always enjoyed a reputation for some rare qualities. They have originated the fashions, and have ever been set down as marvellously pretty women. One learns much by travelling. "Mark Twain" went to Paris with the idea of seeing the streets inundated with fair creatures, and he confesses to finding some, but they were from America. We might pay the compliment to ourselves, and say they came from England. As for the beauties of Turkey, who veil themselves, Mark, who saw one or two of them on the sly, is quite in favour of the veiling, and says he can understand the desirability of not allowing such utter ugliness to be seen. But we are wandering from our subject and the Frenchwomen. It is not for dress, or beauty, or grace, that the "weaker" sex of Paris have won new celebrity—it is for the share they have taken in the insurrection of the Reds. They have helped to kill, and they have been killed. They have done actions that would have put Lady Macbeth to the blush—actions that should make even men quake. Of course they represent only the lowest and most degraded class in France, but we do not believe there could be found another class of women in the world so far sunk in crime and cruelty. A few weeks ago we gave some sketches taken in the streets of Paris, and representing Frenchwomen as they appear when they are "going about doing good." We this week publish on our front page an engraving which will give our readers a good idea of the delicate creatures we have referred to. It represents Frenchwomen rescuing arrested priests.

CIDER has been decided by the Massachusetts Legislature not to be an intoxicating liquor.

HUGH DAMER'S LAST LEGER.

By Miss M. E. BRADDON, Author of "Lady Audley's Secret."

CHAPTER I.

"Tricks he hath had in him which gentlemen have."

I DON'T suppose there are many people nowadays who remember Hugh Damer. Not that I would imply that he existed at a period beyond the memory of middle-aged mankind. The time that I am writing of is barely fifteen years old. But the memories of men are short, and every decade sees the rise and fall of new heroes. The career of a man of the world is not much longer than the reign of those later Cæsars who were polished off so quickly in the days when Rome was going down hill and the Roman Empire a nice little lot to be put up to auction. Picture to yourself, says De Quincey, any man going home to dinner with *that* little lot in his pocket!

So I say, advisedly, that perhaps there are few nowadays who care to remember the brief summer time of Hugh Damer's life; and yet he was a great man in his time—that is to say, great in certain circles—and made his mark after a certain fashion.

We were contemporaries at Oxford, but not of the same college. I was a Balliol man, Damer was at Christchurch; but we were fast friends notwithstanding. I think Hugh indulged freely in every kind of dissipation fashionable at that period; but he never got into any vulgar scrapes—no painting chapel doors a bright scarlet, or nailing up an obnoxious don's oak, or anything of that kind; and in spite of wine parties without number, hunting all through the season, not a little high play late of nights "under the rose," and various other amusements of a somewhat uproarious order, Hugh contrived to distinguish himself in athletics, and to take his degree in a very creditable manner. When or how he read no one could ever discover, but it was said that he could do without sleep for a fortnight at a time, and that very often after shutting his door upon his friends at two a.m., he would tie a wet towel round his head and go in for divinity till early chapel, where he made his appearance fresh as a rose after his matutinal shower-bath.

He was blessed with a superb constitution, and a marvellous capacity for work or pleasure. He was, indeed, a man who could scarcely help living hard and fast—a man to whom any monotonous or sluggish form of existence would have been simply unendurable. In appearance he was a splendid fellow—tall, broad-shouldered, blue-eyed, and chestnut-haired, with a sunny look in his face that was, for most people, irresistible. He had the air of a man who must needs command fortune—win the race of life in a canter—indeed, it was almost impossible to associate the idea of trouble or sorrow of any kind with Hugh Damer.

After leaving Oxford I lost sight of my friend for some years. I went to the bar, and my own life was a great deal too busy for the perpetual frivolities of the fashionable world. I saw nothing of Hugh, but I heard of him—heard of him as one of the most distinguished among the gilded youth of that day. He was of a good old Yorkshire family, and had a large fortune, which, according to the report of his friends, had come to him unfettered at his majority. People told me that he was spending this royally, and, at the rate he was living, could not be expected to hold out long.

"He's a capital fellow—a first-rate fellow," one of these prudent observers said to me, "but there never was much stay in him. He does everything too fast—runs away with the race for the first half mile, and comes in nowhere at the finish. People are afraid of him, somehow. He might have doubled his fortune by a brilliant marriage more than once; but he lost his chance, wrecked himself by some mad folly that no man but he would have dreamt of. He's a dangerous fellow, and women feel it, and can't bring themselves to trust him."

Thus argued our common friend, with a serious countenance, and a deprecatory elevation of the shoulders. I was sorry to hear such an opinion of Damer, for I liked him with all my heart, and had hoped in a brilliant future for him.

It was not very long after this, just at the close of the London season, when I came across my old friend quite unexpectedly at a West-end club of which I was a member, but whose gorgeous saloons my shadow rarely darkened. I was a busy man and a prosperous withal, my prosperity entirely dependent upon unremitting industry.

A late August twilight was closing in, and the lamps were glimmering here and there in the shadowy streets. The fashionable quarter of the town had a deary look, the great rooms of the club a palpable air of desolation.

I went into the reading-room; there was only one man there, and he rose from one of the luxurious arm-chairs and threw down a periodical with an audible groan [illegible]d. Suddenly he started, [illegible] with all his might, and cam[illegible]ross the room to me, and in the next moment both my hands were in the muscular grip of Hugh Damer.

"My dear Norris, my dear old friend," he cried, in his loud, hearty way, "I am so rejoiced to see you—so glad, upon my soul, now—I can't tell you how glad. I have been wishing to come across you for the last half-dozen years."

"And yet you knew where to find me all the time, Hugh; and the Temple, if remote from the civilised regions of the West, is not a pilgrimage utterly beyond the capacity of friendship."

"Hit away, old chap. I deserve the reproach. But, you see, I knew you were always busy—heard of you from every one as devoted to your profession, a perfect slave to it in fact, and I am such an idle beggar, what could I do but bore you if I came? And then one's life goes so fast, somehow. I declare to you, Fred, I have seldom had an hour that I could call my own since I left Oxford. I seem to have existed in a whirlpool, an actual maelstrom spinning me round and round and sucking me down in spite of myself. And now, tell me all your news, dear boy; what you have been doing, and what you are going to do, and all the rest of it."

We sat down opposite each other at a little table in one of the windows, and by the faint grey light of the fading day I saw that my friend was not looking by any means as well as I should have wished to see him look. The handsome face was wan and haggard, and there were lines about the eyes and mouth that should scarcely have appeared in so young a countenance.

"I'm afraid you've been ill, Hugh," I said to him by and by. "You seem to have lost that perennial bloom for which you were renowned at Oxford."

"Ill! Oh no," he answered carelessly. "I've not been ill—worried a little occasionally, that's all. But now listen to me, Fred, old fellow, and if you wish to preserve my regard you must fall into my way of thinking; and I assure you that regard of mine is a very deep feeling, though it's rather backward in showing itself. Now, you own to having a clear fortnight before you after the last of this month, in which you may kick up your heels and dispose of yourself as it seems fit to you, without let or hindrance to your prospects of wearing silk by and by. And you talk of devoting your leisure to certain nameless cads of your acquaintance—of the genus swell, I suppose—who have got a moor down somewhere in the north, and want you to go and assist them in the murder of innocent grouse. Throw over the unknown cads, dear old boy, and come down to me. September is a great time for us Yorkshiremen. I can give you no end of partridges, and my place is only fifteen miles from Doncaster. Come to Churleigh Wood, Fred, and spend your holiday with an old friend. I shall consider it an especial favour if you say 'Yes'—and—and it may be the last time I shall be able to ask you."

"What do you mean by that, Hugh?" I demanded, alarmed by the sudden gravity of his tone.

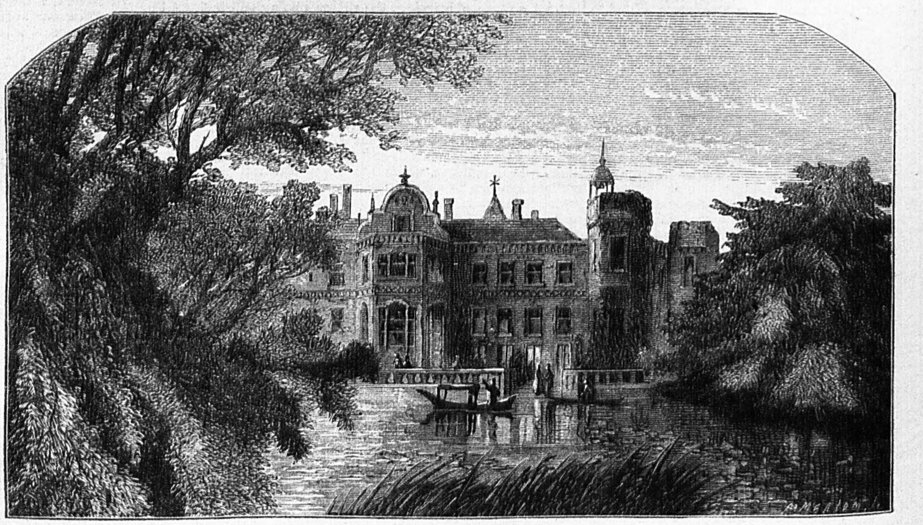
"Never mind what I mean, Fred. Life is full of changes. The present is all a man can call his own, and so, *Carpe diem*. Come, dear boy; is it to be yes, or no?"

"I should be a churl if I said 'No,' when you flatter me by seeming really anxious to have me," I answered; "so the gentlemen unknown, who are really very good fellows in their way, shall go overboard, and I'll inflict my society upon you for the first fortnight in September. Shall you be alone at Churleigh?"

"Alone?" He laughed aloud at the absurdity of the notion, and I was very glad to hear the old frank laugh again. "Alone, Fred! why I have never been alone in my own house since I became master of it. We're sure of a houseful; some nice people, of course, and perhaps a few nasty ones—but you'll put up with the bores for the sake of friendship."

"I am not afraid of meeting bores at Churleigh," I answered. "There is not much affinity between you and that species, I think, Damer."

"There is one of my guests I fancy you will like," he said musingly, and with a tender smile lighting up his haggard face.



"The house was an old one, a sombre, red-brick pile of masonry."

"A lady, Hugh. Your face tells me that!"

"Yes, a lady; but I will say no more till you have seen her."

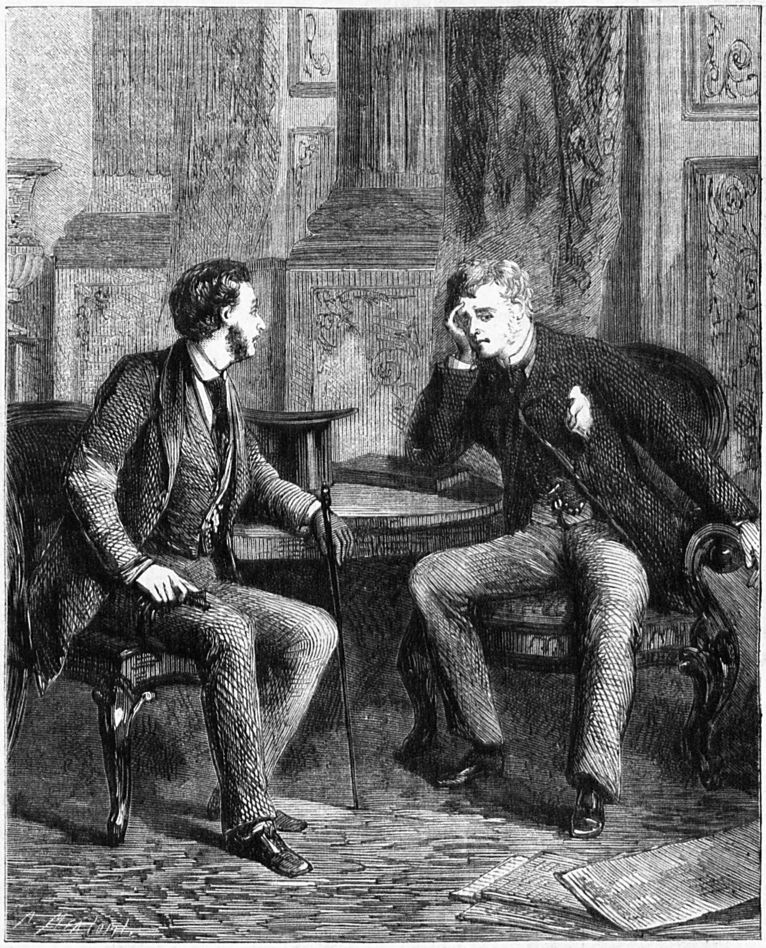
We parted soon after this, I promising to be with my friend on the 1st. He had occasion to go down to the old place some days earlier, in order to be ready for possible arrivals.

CHAPTER II.

"What's to be thought of him? Does the rumour hold for true that he's so full of gold?"

THE weather was lovely, the country looking very fair in the subdued glory of early autumn, as the express rattled me down to Doncaster. Here a dog-cart and fast-trotting roan waited to convey me to Churleigh, where I arrived just in time to hear the dressing-bell ring out cheerily from an open bell-tower, after an hour and a half's spin through a rich pastoral country.

The house was an old one, a sombre, red-brick pile of masonry, of the Tudor period, with a wide moat, where carp and dace flashed through the deep, dusky water, under the shadow of great yews; a rare, old-fashioned place, with noble gardens set in a wide expanse of level meadow land, that might have been fairly called a park.



"We sat down opposite each other at a little table in one of the windows, and by the faint grey light of the fading day I saw that my friend was not looking by any means as well as I should have wished to see him look."

Within, the dark oak panelling and ponderous furniture, quaint old cabinets and bureaus, buffets and chests of carved ebony and chestnut wood, oak, and walnut, had a delightful old-world aspect. There were rare old tapestries, too, silk-embroidered hangings, chairs and sofas in ancient worsted work, which testified to the industry of past generations of feminine Damers. Everything bore the fashion of an age that was gone, and there was a sombre charm about the place which was, to my mind, perfect in its way.

I told Hugh how much I liked his birthplace, and praised the taste which had preserved its original character. He sighed heavily as he answered me—"Yes," he said moodily, "it's a dear old place, and I am weak enough to love it. I can remember sitting at my mother's feet in some of these old rooms, or on her knees, with her arms round me, many a quiet twilight when my father was away in London. There was a great love between us two, and nothing that she cared for has been touched since she died. Her favourite flowers still grow in the garden—homely, old-fashioned flowers, that my gardeners would like to do away with—though it is fifteen years since her hand gathered one of them. Yes, I have need to love Churleigh, Fred, God forgive me!"

His tone alarmed me. There was such a depth of bitterness and self-reproach in his utterance of those last words.

"Hugh," I said, eagerly, "there is something wrong with you. I am sure of it. I saw the change in your face that night we met at the club. Why won't you trust me, dear boy? You call me your friend. Tell me the worst, Hugh. What is it that has gone wrong?"

"Everything," he answered, with a groan. "It's the old story, Fred; the old story of the rake's progress. Only a modern version, you know, with a little less vice than there is in Hogarth's renowned panorama, but every whit as much folly. Yes, Fred, congratulate me upon my fair old home—the roof-tree that has sheltered my race for a dozen generations; the house my mother loved. Give me joy of a birthplace which an English gentleman may be fairly proud to call his own. The man who sweeps the crossing at the corner of Pall-mall has about as much right to call himself master of Churleigh as I have. It is all a miserable *simulacrum*, Fred; a mockery and a delusion. I don't say that the footmen and grooms are bailiffs in disguise, but they might just as well be that. It would make the case no worse."

"Then you are ruined, Hugh?"

"Irretrievably."

"In Heaven's name, how has it all gone—your fortune? It was a large one, wasn't it?"

"A very fair inheritance, though my father was somewhat wild in his day, and spent a good deal. How has it gone, Fred? Who knows? I, the least of all mortal men. It has gone—*somehow*. I have lived much too fast to count the cost of life. I don't think there has been much wasted on actual vice, unless you call gambling vicious; but it has all gone. I drove a four-in-hand for two or three seasons, and that kind of thing leads to a good deal of outlay in the way of Richmond dinners and diamond bracelets—there are some people you can hardly ask to dinner without introducing a diamond bracelet as an element of the dessert—and I have had a weakness for steam yachts: but those are minor details. I have enjoyed a curious sequence of ill-luck upon the Turf for the last two years. *That* may have something to do with it."

"I should think it rather likely," I answered, hopelessly. "But is there no chance of redemption, Hugh? A rich marriage, for instance?"

"No, Fred, I am not base enough for that. I couldn't offer my ruined fortunes to a rich woman. I couldn't sink to the position of a dependent on my wife. If I were in love with a penniless girl I wouldn't mind asking her to share my poverty. There is always something that a man can do. I might emigrate, and devote my energies to cattle-breeding far away in the bush. Unhappily, the only woman I care for is burdened with a large fortune—a fortune that must needs make an impassable barrier between herself and me."

"But, my dear boy, this is Quixotic folly. If the lady cares for you, why should you not redeem your fortunes by means of her wealth? It is a woman's proudest privilege to make that kind of sacrifice."

"And a man's deepest degradation to accept it. No, Fred, it can't be done. Beyond which, even were I sordid enough to desire such a thing, the lady is not her own mistress. She has a father, who would never forgive her for an imprudent marriage. No, Fred, I am done for—bar one remote contingency."

"And what is that?" I asked anxiously.

"The success of my book for the Leger week. I stand to win something enormous—something that would set me on my legs again—give me a fresh start in life, in short. With that sum at my command I could pay off my most pressing engagements, clear this place of its mortgages, and, with a few years of retirement and economy, drift back into a very comfortable income. In that case I should not fear to ask Laura Dashwood to be my wife."

"Laura Dashwood! A very charming name."

"Yes, and a still more charming girl. However, you will see her to-morrow. She is only a manufacturer's daughter, I must tell you. George Dashwood is a self-made man—one of the richest men in Yorkshire, and a trifle pompous on the score of his money, or his success. But he is not a bad fellow by any means. And Laura is the dearest girl in England, to my mind."

"Of course. An only daughter, I presume?"

"An only child. I wish with all my heart she had half a score of brothers and sisters. But I suppose we'd better get back to the others now, old fellow."

It was late on the evening of my arrival. Lights were shining from a score of open windows, and the mingled sounds of music and laughter rang out upon the tranquil September night. Damer and I had wandered away from the house when the men left the dining room, and had enjoyed this confidential talk as we strolled with our cigars on the broad gravel walk by the side of the moat.

The house was almost full already. There was a Belgravian matron, with two pretty, stylish-looking daughters and a stately husband, who was a baronet and a member of Parliament, devoted to the Conservative interest, and seldom opening his mouth in a conversational way except to talk politics. There were a good many young men, all more or less of the Turf, turfy; and there was a county matron, with three rosy-cheeked daughters devoted to croquet. There were a clergyman and his wife, from the neighbourhood—very pleasant people, with nothing stilted or unduly professional about them, both vicar and vicar's wife past masters of loose croquet, the vicar playing a severely mathematical game; and there was a young squire, of sporting tendencies, whose estate lay some forty miles off, and whose income was said to be something like fifteen thousand a year; a frank, blue-eyed young man, with a predilection for gorgeous neckties, and a loud, jolly laugh.

The Dashwoods were to arrive early next day. I heard the county people speak of them once or twice in the course of the evening with that languid tone of indulgence with which it is the fashion to talk of those who are received into a world that fancies itself above them.

"The Dashwoods visit a great deal," Mrs. Melton, the county matron, said to me. "They are received everywhere, though I believe he began life quite as a working man. And people really like them. Mr. Dashwood is very fond of society, and entertains people at his own place in a most sumptuous manner. I have never been there myself, but some people like that kind of thing. Rather a florid style of hospitality, you know. These newly rich people are apt to err in that direction."

CHAPTER III.

"Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky."

I WAS curious to see Miss Dashwood, after what Hugh had told me, and was really concerned about my friend's difficulties. The book for the Leger did not inspire me with much hope, for I had a rooted abhorrence of the Turf. But I did hope something from Damer's attachment to Miss Dashwood, and I thought my friend's fortunes might be mended by such a marriage, without derogation to his honour. If the lady had wealth, Hugh had at least a good old name wherewith to endow her, and a position in the county which must needs be a considerable elevation for the manufacturer's daughter. It did not seem to me that the alliance would be an unequal one.

I was on the terrace, in front of the house, when the Dashwoods arrived at noon next day, and I saw the young lady alight from her carriage. She was very pretty, very graceful and elegant, too, manufacturer's daughter though she was. She was fair, with a radiant bloom, and the loveliest blue eyes I ever beheld; not grey, or any one of those numerous vague tints which pass for blue; but a real azure—the perfect blue of a summer sky, or a forget-me-not flower. Nor was their colour the greatest charm of Miss Dashwood's eyes. *That* lay in their expression—the innocent, girlish trustfulness, the sunny brightness of eyes that had never tried to hide or simulate an emotion. She was very young—eighteen, I should say, at most—and had a bewitching youthfulness and freshness of manner. I did not wonder that Hugh Damer loved her.

They came along the terrace, Miss Dashwood leaning on her father's arm, Hugh walking by her side. It was their first visit to Churleigh, and the manufacturer was eager to explore the house and grounds. Hugh lost no time in presenting me to his friends, and I accompanied them round the blooming gardens, where all the bright early autumn flowers grew luxuriantly; and through the ancient panelled rooms, and corridors and galleries lined with dingy old pictures.

Mr. Dashwood appeared delighted with everything he saw, and exhibited no small amount of intelligence and good taste.

"Now, this is the kind of thing I like," he said, heartily; "this is something like a house. A man can fancy this a home. That's the worst of a new place—let a man spend what money he will upon it, it looks only so much bricks and timber. Money won't buy the home-look, and no architect knows how to give it. Now, there's my house at Dedham—a very fine house in its way, I daresay, and so it ought to be, considering what it has cost me; but at its best it looks like a public institution; and I've no doubt strangers who see it from the train put it down for an asylum for idiots, or lunatics, or something of that kind. It's cold, and stony, and cheerless somehow, though it's warmed with hot water pipes from garret to cellar, and there isn't a modern invention in the way of comfort or luxury that has been omitted. Yet the place gives me the shivers whenever Laura and I happen to be alone there; and I'm never comfortable unless we've got a houseful of people. Now, I could live in a corner of this place, and feel myself snug and cosy. There's that cedar-wood parlour, for instance, with the blue-tiled fireplace—a man might spend his life there."

"You really like Churleigh, then, Mr. Dashwood?" said Hugh, smiling a little at the manufacturer's enthusiasm, but not with a joyous smile.

"Like it! I should think I do, indeed. If there were only such a place as this in the market, Dedham Park would soon be to let on lease."

"You may have Churleigh itself, if you like," Hugh said, with an indifferent air. "A place nearer London would suit me much better. I should scarcely care to sell the old house to a stranger, but to a friend it's a different thing."

"What, Mr. Damer!" Laura Dashwood exclaimed, wonderingly; "you would really sell a house that has been in your family so long?"

"Why not, Miss Dashwood, if this particular member of my family doesn't happen to want it?"

"Are you in earnest, Mr. Damer?" asked George Dashwood.

"Entirely so."

"And you will sell the place as it stands—pictures and old oak cabinets, tapestries and hangings complete?"

"As it stands—with every stick, and every rag."

He sighed, and his face darkened for a moment. Perhaps he was thinking that among those "rags" there were draperies which his mother's hands had embellished.

"Well, sir," said the manufacturer, with an air of undisguised elation, "I can only say that, when you have quite made up your mind to sell, you have but to name your price, and George Dashwood is your purchaser. I don't think there'll be much bargaining between us."

I asked Hugh afterwards what made him talk of selling Churleigh.

"Why, you see, dear boy, if things go against me in the Leger week, I should have to part with the old place, and to do it quickly, in order to meet my engagements; so I thought it would be wise to take advantage of Dashwood's fancy. Besides, if Churleigh must go, I would rather sell it to him than to any one else. There'd be a kind of mournful pleasure in fancying Laura happy in the home of my childhood—happy with a husband, perhaps, and a brood of children. I can fancy her walking in the dear old gardens, or sitting under the cedar, yonder, with the little ones at her knees—while I am a lonely battered exile, fighting the battle of life somewhere beyond the sea. It's hard, isn't it, Fred? But it isn't inevitable yet. Who knows that the Leger won't bring me a small fortune? No man's ill luck can go on for ever, and I've been losing steadily for the last two years."

"I wish you had something better than the Turf to trust to for your deliverance, Hugh," I said. "I wish you would confide in Miss Dashwood's love and her father's generosity. He seems to me a man capable of taking a liberal view of things."

He shook his head gloomily.

"No, Fred; it isn't possible for a Damer to become a dependent upon his wife."

(To be continued.)

SONNET.

Because thou canst not charm Time in his flight,
Nor snatch from him the joys he takes away,
Why wilt thou, fretful, turn thee from the light,
Refusing all, since Night must follow Day?
It is as if a child should spare to cull
The early primose that will die ere May,
Or deem the violets less beautiful
Because they fade when Summer's on her way.
Who knows that he shall live to pelt the hours
With roses? not to all there comes such play;
Life's lesser, brief-lived joys are like Spring flowers,
June's garlands turn more quickly to decay.
Perhaps, of pleasures, those alone are best
Which, flying, leave no sting within the breast.

St. Germain.

THE "FOURTH OF JUNE" AT ETON.

On Saturday, the "Fourth of June," the annual commemoration of the birth of His Majesty King George III., and which is, in fact, the *jour de l'an* of Etonians, both past and present, was becomingly observed according to time-honoured custom. The Eton boys, anticipating the pleasures of the day, were early astir, and the florists, as a consequence, drove a thriving trade in the way of buttonhole decorations. An early morning chapel at half-past eight o'clock, and the preparations referred to served to while away the time till 11.30, when absence was called by Dr. Hornby, the Head Master, beneath the arcade of the Upper School. From this time the arrivals at the college of the parents and friends of the students were continuous. They reached Windsor by the Great Western and London and South Western Railways, and either drove or walked to the school. At noon a large and distinguished company assembled in the Upper School to hear the speeches. The Upper School is a long and lofty room, with oak-panelled wainscot, almost covered with the names of former students, some cut so deeply into the hard wood that it would almost seem as if a chisel had been used. The ceiling is flat and panelled in plaster, and between the square windows are busts of some of our most celebrated men. Two curtains which hung from the ceiling parted off a central spot in the middle of the schoolroom, and here a carpet of red cloth and chairs were provided for the College authorities, the speakers, and more favoured visitors. With the exception of a space left open from the door to the dais, the floor and benches of the rest of the room were crowded with visitors, College masters, and Etonians. Presently arrived the speakers, clad in black Court costumes. They were each received with applause as they made their way to the centre of the room. A few minutes later came the Rev. Dr. C. O. Goodford, Provost of Eton College. He was accompanied by the Earl Nelson, the Hon. and Rev. Gerald Wellesley, Dean of Windsor, and other friends; and these having taken their seats, the proceedings were at once commenced.

Most of the speeches were delivered in a clear and fluent manner, and applause followed each. Absence was called at two o'clock, and then the company adjourned to the "Playing Fields." Here a game of cricket created some interest, the band of the 1st Life Guards, under Mr. Waterson, adding greatly to the outdoor amusements, which at one time seemed likely to be abruptly stopped by the rain, which about three o'clock fell in a heavy shower. The afternoon chapel service was held at three o'clock, the Rev. J. Shephard, Conduct of Eton, officiating. Dr. Hayne, organist of the College, was at the organ, the musical portion of the service, consisting of Attwood in C and an anthem, "They that go down to the sea" (Attwood), being sung by Messrs. Christian, Mellor, Smith, Darby, Ogilwy, &c., of the College choir. The solo was executed by Mr. Ogilwy. The sacred edifice was filled by a large congregation of the parents and friends of the boys. At four o'clock the Rev. Dr. Goodford, Provost, and the Fellows of Eton College entertained about eighty guests at a banquet held in the ancient hall. Among the company were the Earl and Countess Nelson, the Earl and Countess of Dartmouth, Sir J. Lubbock, Lady Lubbock, Lady Bateman, Sir R. B. Harvey, Sir Michael Hicks Beach, Sir H. Montgomery, Sir T. M. Biddulph, the Right Hon. Russell Gurney, Lord Bateman, Professor Lightfoot, Colonel the Hon. G. and Hon. Mrs. Liddell, Mrs. Goodford, Mrs. Gurney, Dr. Hornby and Mrs. Hornby, Rev. W. A. Carter, Rev. W. Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. Hussey Vivian, Mr. C. S. Parker, Mrs. A. Hobhouse, &c. After the removal of the cloth the usual loyal toasts, and that of *in piam memoriam*, were duly given and honoured.

At six o'clock large crowds of spectators gathered in the Eton Brocas, and lined the north bank of the Thames from Windsor Bridge to the railway over the river, for the purpose of witnessing the starting of the procession of boats. An enclosure, divided from the rest of the Brocas by hurdles, was reserved for the more aristocratic visitors, and marked where the craft were lying in readiness for the trip to Surley Hall. Steam yachts and pleasure boats crowded thickly upon the river, while the crowds of visitors—some in carriages, others on foot—waited patiently the departure of the boats, beguiled in the meanwhile by the music of the 1st Life Guards' band. Fortunately, the weather became finer in the evening, and at a quarter to seven o'clock the procession started from the Brocas in the order as below:—

Upper Boats.

Monarch, 10-oar.—F. C. Ricardo, captain of the boats; Cator, Leahy, Olive, Armstead ma., K.S., Lawford, MacCall, Anson, Edwards ma., Pryor; coxswain, W. C. Cartwright. Costumes of crew—blue and white, white straw hats trimmed with blue riband, lettered and gold-edged, anchor and scroll, with motto, "Floreat Etona;" coxswain, an admiral's uniform, with bouquet.

Victory.—C. W. Benson, second captain of boats; Bloxsome, Charlesworth, Thornhill, Arkwright, Buxton, Hall, Mr. Legge; coxswain, Mr. Bertie. Costumes of crew—Eton blue and white, white straw hats trimmed with Eton blue riband, lettered and edged with silver, and silver arms of Eton; coxswain in vice-admiral's uniform, with bouquet.

Prince of Wales.—H. J. Conaut, captain; Heywood-Jones, Edmonstone, Lord Stopford, Edwards-Moss, H.B. Walker, Reynolds, Donaldson; coxswain, Burnett. Costumes of crew—crimson and white, white straw hats trimmed with crimson riband, lettered and edged with gold, Prince of Wales's plume; coxswain in captain's uniform, with bouquet.

Lower Boats.

Britannia.—H. J. Preston, captain of lower boats; Kirklinton-Saul, Thackeray, Greenwood, Gosling, Jervis, Coode, Gridley; coxswain, Thistlethwayte.

Dreadnought.—H. G. C. Stapylton, captain; Mr. Herbert, Blagrove, Mulholland mi., Howard mi., Bankes, Meredith, Thellusson; coxswain, Blackburne.

Thetis.—A. H. Todd, captain; Day, De Putron, Elliott, Lord Kennedy, Lord Newark, Compton, Hamilton-Gordon; coxswain, Edwards.

Hibernia.—G. Drinkwater, captain; Freeland, Combe, Vane ma., Benson, Tarver, K. S., Edwards mi., M'Kerrell; coxswain, Lawley.

St. George.—F. A. Cracroft-Amcotts, captain; Harter, Hoskins, Hardy, Tagart, Archer, Howard ma., Baird; coxswain, Johnstone.

Defiance.—F. Armitstead, captain; Udny, Acland-Hood, Lees, Lord Ogilvy, Phipps, H. B. Roberts, Cunard; coxswain, Holland.

The boats, accompanied by the band of the 1st Life Guards, and followed by numerous craft, rowed up the stream, past Clewer and through Boveney Locks to a meadow on the Bucks shore, opposite Surley Hall. Here he crews landed and proceeded to the long narrow enclosure, within which Messrs. Layton, Brothers, of Windsor, had prepared a cold banquet, laid upon a number of tables, for about 120. Very soon the enclosure was surrounded by carriages and foot people, itinerant musicians, and a crowd of sightseers, but, owing to the excellent arrangements made by Mr. Superintendent Dunham, aided by Mr. Superintendent Jervis and other officers of the Bucks police, the banquet proceeded merrily, the band of the 1st Life Guards playing during the repast, which closed with the usual loyal toasts, drunk amid much merriment. Dinner over, the crews rowed back to Windsor Bridge, their arrival being heralded by peals of bells from St. George's Chapel, and a grand display of fireworks from the ait in the river, which closed the day's festivities. The fireworks were witnessed by thousands of spectators.

We give an illustration of the Eton celebration on another page, showing the procession of boats on the river.

COUNTRY LIFE.

Queer Dialects.

To the Scotch and Irish is perhaps due the privilege of writing and printing unreadable English, but we would not extend the same licence to any other portion of the population of these islands. It is worth our while to make ourselves master of two or three dozen of the words commonly interpolated by Scotchmen into their Saxon speech, and to learn their method of treating our vowels and consonants, in order to read Scott with ease, and to appreciate the rare music and genuine poetic fervour of Burns. But who can find pleasure in trying to unravel the mystery of English county literature? For our own part we must confess we never could read with facility and comfort the printed *patois* of the county in which we were born and bred. It was easy enough to understand the people, however uneducated, however rural, but not their literati and poets; nor did we ever know a man who could translate off-hand a letter written to a county newspaper by a wit who abandoned orthography and manufactured for himself a method of spelling intended to convey the sounds and articulations peculiar to the dialect of the locality. There are local elocutionists in every part of the country, who, by dint of hard study and much thought, are able to recite, after the manner of their less educated neighbours, the verses and favourite passages of the bards and literary worthies of the district; but if you attempt to follow them with the book in your hand, you will find yourself plunged in a sea of difficulties. There are Devonshire and Somersetshire poets, bards of Yorkshire and Lancashire, Norfolk and Suffolk rhymsters. Indeed, every county has its singers, who profess to sing in the ultra language of their people; but generally we think their works are treasured rather as curiosities than as valuable additions to the readable books of the library, even in the midst of the country in which they are written. We may make exceptions, perhaps, in favour of certain local words which are more or less unknown to the rest of the English-speaking community. There is generally some reason why those words have remained in use, and it ought not perhaps to be too much trouble for strangers to master a short county glossary when they are studying local literature. Our chief objection lies against the attempt to render all the peculiarities of sound and accent by ingenuity of spelling. We have some fiction writers who can, by a few clever touches, indicate the mode of speech of their characters without introducing unintelligibility. That is an art worthy of all commendation; but in the name of the general reading public we protest against the practice of filling whole pages with an incoherent jumble of the letters of the alphabet under the pretence of reproducing dialect.

In a west country paper of last Saturday appeared some verses under the following queer title:—"Agrikler's Proverbeel Feelossify." Will anybody contend that those words really catch the eye of a man of Somersetshire and commend themselves to his understanding better than if they had been correctly spelt? We quote a stanza, which is not without humour when once the reader has disentangled himself from the confusion of stray vowels and consonants:—

"Spooasin yer wife shud scowld. Ef she do you must let her—
Mebby you hev dezarved et and tha less yo zes, the better;
Spooasin yer wife shud fight—tes no use miakin a bother,
Ef she gies ye a smack on one ear, let her gie ye a smack on the tother;
Never go houldin her wrists, thic plan ull never suit, man.
You'll have tha marks o yer vengers, and then she'll caal ye a brute, man.
Spooasin she's very outrageous—aal that I can zaay, man,
Es—when she tiakes the pooaker, best get out of her waay, man;
Waait tell she's got coold down, waait tell the cooast es clear, man,
She'll get zummut nice vor yer supper, and kiss ye, and caal ye her dear, man,
Ef a wife be zubmissive and tiame, her husband, *perhaps*, es a lucky one,
But zuch never fell to my sheer, zo I'm suppoasin a plucky one.
Zo vur on the zubject of marriage, I've gied ye my candid opinion,
Next week, ef my missus ull let me, the zubject I mane to continny on,
She knaws what I'm writin about—yo can't keep up zides wi a woman—
She zes she dooant keer what I zes, but she knows what I zes es true, man."

The bad habit of learning to read proper English spoils one for enjoying that sort of literature. It may be studied, but it cannot be read at sight. Here is a specimen of Cumberland from the *Carlisle Journal*:—

"Sir,—I was pleased tuie read a letter in your yesterday's paper aboot t' unfairness of allooing chaps maire than 11 staine weight to wrussell in't 11 staine prize. What's the use of any Committee drawing a line if they dunnet stick tui it? Wich, I say, nowt could be greeter nonsense. It's oot of o' reason. In Lunnun last Good Friday laal Rickerby hedd to wrussell and fell men near a steane heavier than hissell, and he dudd to the deleet o' ivverybody prisent.

"Noo, Sir, suppwosing the weigher in at Epsom races last Derby-day had found that Favonius hedd carried 7lb. too little, and hedd given the 'all right,' it waddent heave been warse than letting men in owre weight for Carlisle wrussling. But waddent theare have been a row in the land when it was fund oot?—Yours truly, "T. Fairplay."

Two or three times in reading these lines vague reminiscences of the Cumberland mode of speech are awakened in the mind, but the next syllable trips us up, and makes us wish it were French or Latin, if it might not be English. There is a story now running from week to week in the *Ashton Reporter*, which, as far as we can judge, after carefully translating it from the original Lancashire, is a work of considerable merit; but how is one to sit down at his ease after the labours of the day and enjoy a narrative which runs on in this fashion?—

"'Yes!' said Joe, seizing Robert by the hand.

"'Wot sort of a body is that owd beldam ut theaw wur browt up wi?' inquired Robert.

"Joe seized him by the other hand, and looked him earnestly and inquiringly in the face; and Robert perceived that the lad was drifting into a positive tremor.

"'Neaw, come,' said Robert, soothingly, 'dunnot get into a freet. Wot sort of a body is hoo? Is hoo a littlish craytur?'

"'Abeawt as tall as Sally,' replied Joe.

"'Un does hoo limp a bit?'

"'A little bit.'

"'Un are hur arms breawn an withert, loike, as if they'd bin smook-dreighed?'

"'They are.'

"'Un has hoo one tooth at th' front that pokes eawt loike a young tusk?'

"'She has.'

"'Un has hoo a wart just below hur left eye?'

"'Yes.'

"'Then,' said Robert, 'aw've seen hur.'

"'When, when?' cried Joe, looking almost distracted.

"'Aw'll tell thee,' said Robert; 'but dunnot tak on o that'ns. Theaw's no occasion t' get into th' ditherums abeawt it. Be a mon, if theaw art but a lad.'"

Who's "hoo"? Is it possible to remember whether it is a pronoun of the first, second, or third person? If the author had done a little less to the vowels, especially in such cases as *aw* for the pronoun I, *eaw* in out, *eaw* in room, &c., we think he might have indicated some of the main characteristics of the mode of speaking without placing stumbling-blocks in the path of the reader. We plead for a judicious compromise. This is the paragraph:—

"'I don't know what to think,' said Joe. 'But I hope she's not my aunt. And if she was, she ought not to have any right to force me to live with her.'

"'That hoo shannot do,' said Robert, 'if aw con help it. My errand heere is not to serve hur, but to serve thee—to keep thee, in fact, eawt uv hur clutches. Eawr foaks know aw abeawt it, un we've arranged for thee t' come t' eawr heawse, un tak' up thy lodgins in my reawm, until we weary hur eawt, un get rid on hur. Hoa'll not find thee theere, aw know. Indeed, aw intend t' put hur on a rung scent awtogether; but, afore hoo bundles off, awst try t' get some information eawt on her concerning thee. Hoo know wheere theaw springs fro'; awm satisfied o' that.'"

Perhaps this is only a prejudice of ours, but our impression is that the reading world in the main is with us.

"Iath Gymraeg."

While we are talking of dialects, we are tempted to notice once again in this column the movement in Wales against the perpetuation of the Welsh language as an ordinary medium of communication. Whatever may be our prejudices, we are not anxious to hear that the Welsh tongue is following the fate of the Cornish, of which so very few traces now remain. We are not surprised at the tenacity with which these ancient Britons cling to their old language; on the contrary, we are rather struck with the courage of those who, in the midst of these intensely national Celts, plead so hard for the almost exclusive use of English in the Principality, and with the boldness of the editors of newspapers who admit whole columns, week after week, of aguments against a too close adherence to the old form of speech.

A correspondent gets inserted, in last Saturday's *Carnarvon Herald*, a very long letter on "The Impediments to Religious and Educational Progress in Wales," in which he prays most earnestly for more English and less Welsh. The writer is a clergyman, a native of North Wales. We quote a few sentences:—

"No intelligent mind, that is not biassed and prejudiced, can help seeing, notwithstanding its antiquity, that the native language is a positive bar and hindrance to a young man or woman's advancement in life; and when I assert this, I beg to say that I yield to no one in my attachment to my mother tongue, *as a language*, neither would I wish to extirpate and consign it to the tomb with the epitaph 'Requiescat in pace,' if it was of any worldly, religious, or political use; but, because it is declining and wasting away gradually, from its utter uselessness as a speaking and reading medium—in short, dying a 'natural death'—why do certain Welsh enthusiasts, by a false patriotism, attempt to keep it in existence by such galvanising apparatus as periodical 'Eisteddfodau' (which I must call patriotic shams) and other futile means, when it is very well known that its complaint is chronic and incurable, like certain bodily diseases? Every sensible man and woman in Wales know very well that the English language is now the medium, in the Principality, of every transaction in life, professional, commercial, and educational—'save and except' a comparative few aged monoglots in the 'wilds of Wales,' who, for the residue of the present generation, must receive religious teaching through the Welsh tongue. There is hardly a church in the Principality now where there is not one, if not two English services on the Sunday, whereas five-and-twenty years ago the services were wholly in Welsh. There is no magic or vital elasticity in it to ensure its perpetuity. Through the medium of English is conducted the whole machinery of education, the administration of justice, jurisprudence, all the transactions of the country, commercial, maritime, &c., all accounts, &c.; all the public weekly newspapers, except the *Herald Cymraeg!* all registrations of births, marriages, and deaths; all legal transactions between man and man; all books worth anything—theological, historical, biographical, and geographical, except translations of a few of our English books, and some Welsh magazines.

Welsh must indeed be dying when a Welshman may allow himself so to address his fellow-countrymen.

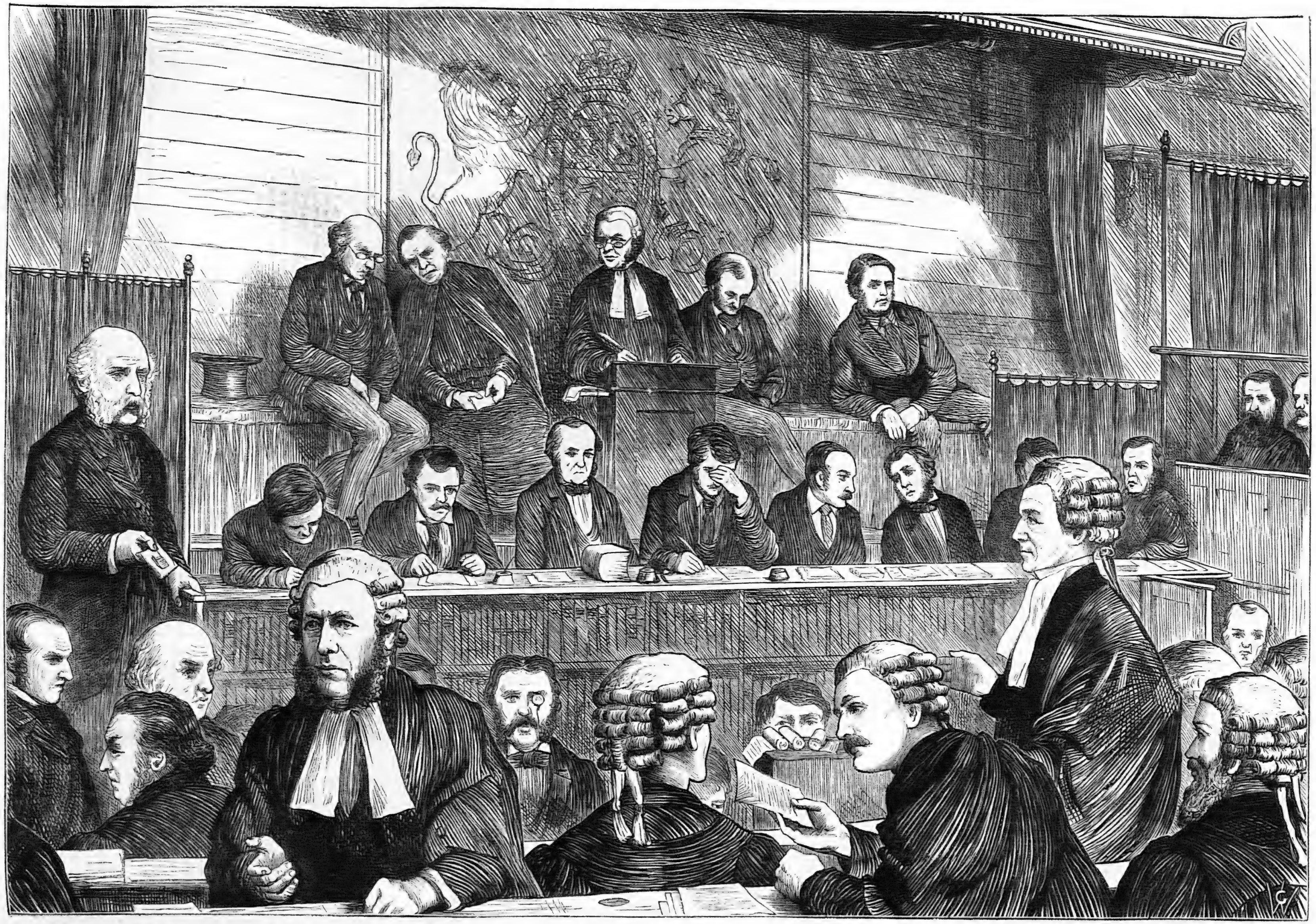
A Dramatic Incident.

Postmasters are entirely sceptical as to the loss of a letter or parcel duly directed and committed to the box. Tell them that you sent an epistle, enclosing a cheque, to a particular person on a certain day and it was never delivered, and they will turn round upon you and assure you that it was improperly addressed or that you never sent it at all. They are warranted in this confidence. They meet with extraordinary cases of mistakes on the part of letter-writers, and they know by experience that for one duly addressed and posted letter that miscarries, there are almost innumerable instances of failure through the fault of the sender. The following, from the *Eastern Morning News*, is not exactly a case in point, but it is the postmaster who speaks, and the postmaster was justified in his confidence in the correctness of his own version of a story which comes of having to do with letters. The writer is the master of a branch post-office at Hull:—

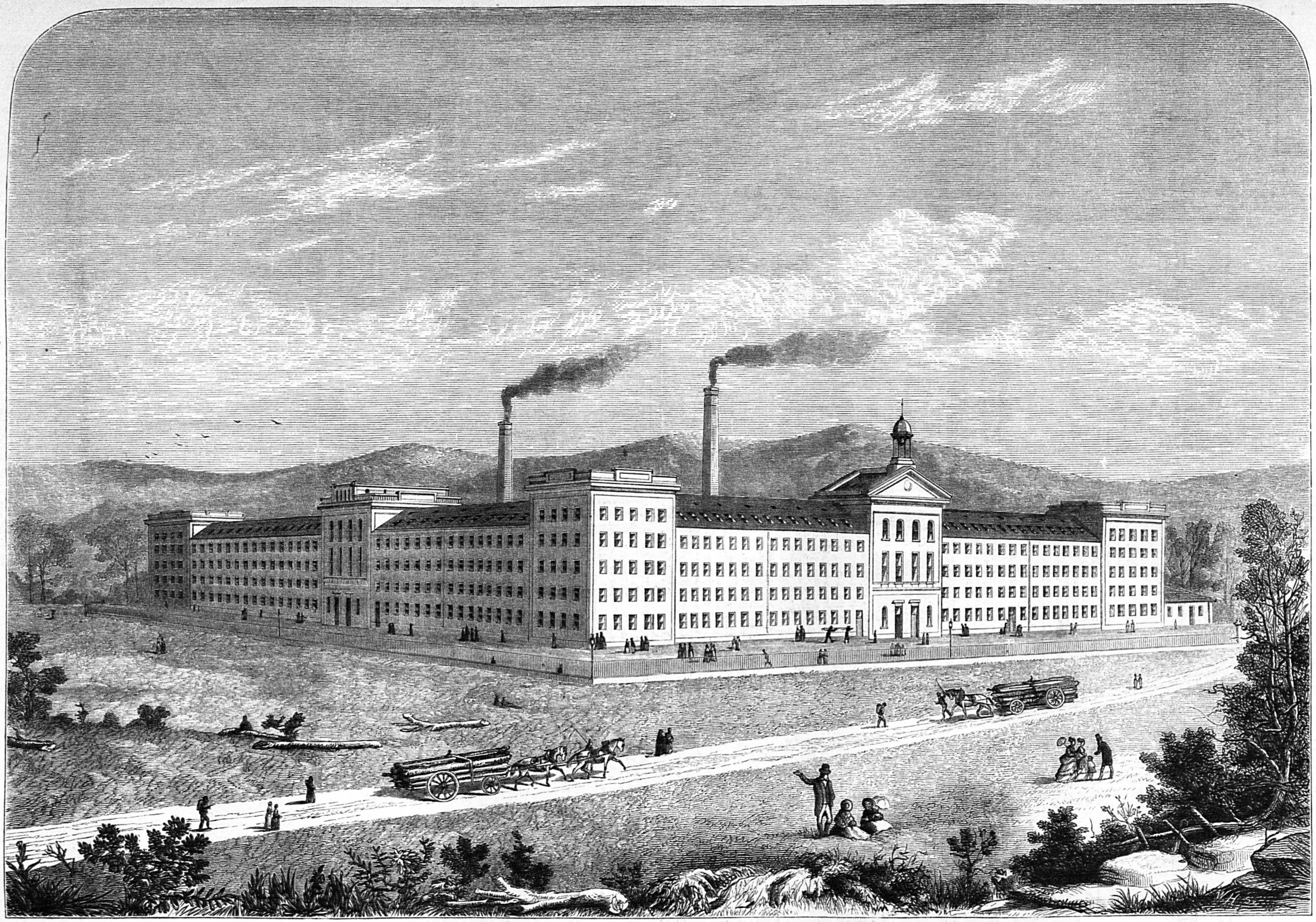
"A lady, as to whose honesty and truthfulness, though she was a stranger to me, I did not feel the slightest doubt, presented an order for £2 12s. 2d. for payment on Tuesday last. The money was paid her over the counter, and she took it up, placed it in her handkerchief, and when outside the office she counted it. She then found three half-sovereigns, twelve shillings, and two penny pieces—in all, £2 2s. 2d. She at once returned to the counter; the clerk told her he was certain he had paid her the correct amount. She then saw one of my controlling clerks, and he went with her into the money-order office, made up the cash account of the paying clerk, and found that it agreed exactly with the cash in his hands. Strong in her conviction that she had been paid short, the lady desired to see me, and yesterday afternoon she came to my office. She told me her story, which I assured her I felt convinced she believed to be entirely true, and I could only suggest to her that she must have lost a half-sovereign in the yard when she came outside to count her money. She replied that she only took up three half-sovereigns—as to that she was clear—and that she did not count the silver (which she took for the balance of the £2 12s. 2d.) till she got outside. I made a memorandum of her statement, and then sent for the controller. The latter stated that he was perfectly confident he had paid the full amount, and that although he could not swear as to the particular coins in which he paid the lady, he believed that he paid her four half-sovereigns, twelve shillings, and twopence. The loss of 10s. was evidently a serious matter to her, and at this point she was nigh bursting into tears. She asseverated most earnestly that she only received £2 2s. 2d., and rising from her seat in much excitement, and (to give emphasis to her expression) raising her right hand, in which she carried her umbrella, in the air, she went on to say, pointing to the paying clerk, 'And if that gentleman would only speak the truth,'—at the word 'truth,' as though there were magic in it, the missing half-sovereign dropped from her umbrella to the floor. She stood speechless. The paying clerk asked, 'What half-sovereign is that?' She, recovering herself, stooped hurriedly and picked up the coin; and after a pause of a few seconds, during which she seemed almost overcome with emotion, went up to the paying clerk, and, taking his hand, with a frankness and simplicity which were perfectly charming, begged his forgiveness, and expressed her deep sorrow for the injustice she had done him. It should be mentioned that the lady had carried the umbrella about with her all the Tuesday evening after she had been paid, and had it with her on Wednesday morning, when a slight shower came on; but she had never raised it till she came into my room."

The Grand Duke Wladimir of Russia visited Woolwich on Monday. He was received at the Arsenal Station by Prince Arthur and Major-General Sir David Wood and his staff. After taking luncheon at the Royal Artillery mess, the Grand Duke went through the various departments of the Arsenal, and was shown the museum, where even English visitors are seldom admitted. Royal salutes were fired on the Prince's arrival and departure.

"After thoroughly testing it, I believe your Vegetable Pain Killer to be the best medicine for diarrhœa I have ever known. It gives speedy and permanent relief without any shock or causing constipation. It is a most useful and valuable family medicine. "E. T. Barrett.
"*Surrey Chambers, Strand, July* 1869.
"To Perry Davis & Son, London."



THE TICHBORNE ROMANCE: SCENE IN COURT.



J. & P. COATS'S GREAT SEWING COTTON FACTORY AT PAISLEY.

THE "LOUISE" BREAKFAST DRESS.
A charming toilette for early morning wear, made of Printed Cambrics in a variety of new designs and colourings.
15s. 9d. Guaranteed fast. Price
15s. 9d.
Patterns and illustrations post free.
Mrs. T. G. YOUNG, 128, Oxford Street, W.

YOUNG'S GUINEA COSTUMES.
In all the new Washing Materials, amongst which will be found "Japanese Flax," and many other Spécialités.
21s. Patterns and Illustrations post free.
Mrs. T. G. YOUNG, 128, Oxford Street, W. [359

TEETH V.R. TEETH.

MESSRS. ESKELL and SONS (the old-established Surgeon-Dentists).—By their newly patented improvements, ARTIFICIAL TEETH are made in a few hours to last a lifetime. Painless and perfect, guaranteed useful for all purposes. A single tooth, 5s.; a set, 50s.; stopping, 2s. 6d. Their treatise, "Dentistry of the Present Day," which affords every information, for three stamps. Attendance daily till eight. Consultations free.—13, Tichborne Street, W., top of the Haymarket. [338

PATENT TEETH ON SOFT GUMS.

MR. WILLIAM J. WATSON,
SURGEON DENTIST
(Many years Assistant to Mr. ESKELL, of Bennett's-hill),

Supplies every description of Artificial Teeth and Gums so largely advertised, at about one-third of the usual charges, being the *actual maker*.

SINGLE TEETH FROM 3s. 6d.,
SETS FROM £2 10s., INCLUDING ALL CHARGES.
Only address, [40
16, *NEWHALL STREET, BIRMINGHAM.*

BOWATERS' PRIZE ARTIFICIAL TEETH defy all Competition for NATURAL APPEARANCE. MASTICATION, ARTICULATION, and COMFORT. Teeth fixed from 5s. per Tooth, including all charges.

W. BOWATER, Surgeon Dentist, &c., 142, Broad Street, Birmingham.

BOWATER'S TOOTH-ACHE SPECIFIC, in Bottles, 6d. and 1s. each; by Post, 7 or 14 Stamps. [573

BILIOUS and Liver Complaints, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Loss of Appetite, Drowsiness, Giddiness, Spasms, and all Disorders of the Stomach and Bowels are quickly removed by that well-known remedy, FRAMPTON'S PILL OF HEALTH.

Sold by all Medicine Vendors, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box, or obtained through any Chemist. [287

DIGESTION PROMOTED BY PEPSINE,
Prepared by T. MORSON, and recommended by the Medical Profession.
Sold in Bottles and Boxes from 2s. 6d. by all Chemists, and the Manufacturers,
THOMAS MORSON & SON,
124, Southampton Row, W.C., London.
See name on label. [408

THE BLOOD PURIFIER.

OLD DR. JACOB TOWNSEND'S SARSAPARILLA. This extraordinary medicine has a singular influence over the blood, which it enriches and purifies. It removes all pimples and blotches, purifies the system, and acts like a charm. As a sustaining and purifying tonic it is invaluable, and highly recommended in long-standing cases of indigestion, nervousness, coughs, scrofula, gout, dropsy, and wasting of flesh. Sold by all druggists. Caution.—Get the red and blue wrapper, with the Doctor's head in the centre. No other genuine. In bottles, 2s. 6d., 4s., 7s. 6d., and 11s.

THE OLD DR.'S SARSAPARILLA PILLS

Are the most popular medicine known for all bilious affections, liver and stomach complaints, and indigestion, as proved by thousands.

ALSO SARSAPARILLA OINTMENT,

The best soother of all sores, burns, and scalds; each in boxes, 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. By post, 15, 30, and 60 stamps. [283
Chief Depot—131, FLEET STREET, LONDON.

TWELVE SHILLINGS FOR FIVE SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE.

YOUR ADDRESS DIE ENGRAVED and Five Quires of Note-paper stamped with Address in Rich Colour. A Carved Plate and 100 Ivory Cards with Name. The Ingenious G. Silver Key Tablet, for bunch of keys, with Name and Rings, and a neat Seal with initials; also neat Plate for Umbrella, and Brass Trunk Plate, size 4 by 2. All engraved and sent post free for 5s. 6d. P.O., by W. F. GOOD, Engraver, Chariot Street, Hull. [417

MR. ESKELL, of 8, Grosvenor Street, the Author of "Pure Dentistry, and What it Does for Us," "Painless Tooth Extraction; or, Anæsthesia Locally Applied," "Dental Surgery; a Practical Treatise," "Modern Dentistry; its Principles and Practice," &c., may be CONSULTED DAILY, as hitherto, from ten to four o'clock, at his residence, 8, Grosvenor Street, Grosvenor Square (a few doors from Bond-street).

N.B.—The above works may be obtained of SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & Co., Stationers' Hall Court, of all Booksellers; or of the Author, post free for 7 stamps each. [231

DINNEFORD'S FLUID MAGNESIA. The best remedy for acidity of the stomach, heart-burn, headache, gout, and indigestion, and the best mild aperient for delicate constitutions, especially adapted for ladies, children, and infants. DINNEFORD & CO., 172, New Bond Street, London; and of all Chemists.

Use Dinneford's Friction Gloves and Belts. [225

TO CAPITALISTS.—The undersigned calls the attention of investors to the WEST JEWELL TIN MINING COMPANY (Limited) as a safe and profitable channel for the employment of capital. This property will pay from 15 per cent. per annum and upwards upon present price of shares. The returns of tin continue to increase, and is of excellent quality, realising from £75 to £80 per ton. The West Jewell is situate in the Gwennap district, and surrounded by mines that have returned greater riches than any other portion of the globe. Application for shares to be made to Mr. John R. Pike, No. 3, Crow[illegible] Chambers, Threadneedle Street, London. [331

CARPETS, CURTAINS, CABINET FURNITURE.

GEO. DIACK, 212 & 213, OXFORD STREET, W., invites public attention to his Stock of Carpets, comprising all the manufactures for Dining-Rooms, Libraries, Drawing-Rooms, and Chambers; to a unique collection of Silk Fabrics from the most approved Factories of Lyons and Spitalfields.

CABINET FURNITURE OF FIRST-CLASS MAKE.

BEDSTEADS AND BEDDING SUITABLE FOR THE MANSION OR COTTAGE.

212 & 213, *OXFORD STREET, LONDON.* [102

ROTTON PARK RESERVOIR,
EDGBASTON,

NOW OPEN to SUBSCRIBERS and the PUBLIC generally for

BOATING, &c.

Subscribers' Tickets may be had at the Lodge, Reservoir-road.
265] W. B. WYATT, Proprietor.

SINGING!!!

'Twas all my fancy painted it,
'Twas lovely and did shine;
I'll go and get another,
But not a four-and-nine.

BEST VALUE AND VARIETY EVER OFFERED.

GLOBE HAT WAREHOUSES,
101A and 70, NEW STREET. [946

ESTABLISHED 1802.

R. SYSON,
HOSIER, GLOVER, SHIRT MAKER, AND LADIES' OUTFITTER.
85, *NEW STREET*
(OPPOSITE SOCIETY OF ARTISTS),
190] BIRMINGHAM.

CAUTION.—BETT'S PATENT CAPSULES. The Public are respectfully Cautioned that BETT'S PATENT CAPSULES are being INFRINGED by importations from abroad. Bett's Name is upon every Capsule he makes for leading Merchants at home and abroad.
1, Wharf Road, City Road, London, April 8, 1868.
And Bordeaux, France. [252

DINING & LUNCHEON ROOMS.

THE STORES.
TOP OF NEW STREET
(Opposite the Town Hall),
BIRMINGHAM.
J. HILLMAN, Proprietor.

Gentlemen Dining at this Establishment will find every comfort that a large and well-fitted Dining Room can afford.

HOT JOINTS, FISH, SOUPS, &c.,
FROM TWELVE TILL FOUR.

Ales and Dublin Stout of the finest quality. Wines and Spirits of the best brands. [209

PHŒNIX FIRE OFFICE,
LOMBARD STREET and CHARING CROSS,
LONDON. ESTABLISHED 1782.

Prompt and liberal Loss Settlements.
Insurances effected in all parts of the world.
610] GEO. W. LOVELL, Secretary.

COLOURED DRESSES of all kinds may be washed and the *colours preserved* by using ARCHER'S IMPROVED COLLOID. It is manufactured by ALFRED WARD & CO., WITHY GROVE, MANCHESTER. Sold by Drapers, Chemists, and Grocers in tins at 6d. and 1s. each. One Shilling Tins forwarded on receipt of 14 postage stamps to any town where no agent is yet appointed. Applications for Agencies invited. See page 223. [362

HOW TO REAR CHILDREN.—Take an example from the Royal Nursery and never be without a bottle of Atkinson and Barker's Royal Infants' Preservative, as supplied to Queen Victoria and the Royal Family, and for nearly a century acknowledged the best medicine in the world for all disorders of infants, and for bowel complaints in adults. Royal Appointment dated 22nd February, 1844. Sold by Chemists everywhere. [335

THE NEW SHORT IRON GRAND PIANOFORTE.

CHARLES RUSSELL

Begs especial attention to these elegant little INSTRUMENTS, which are unsurpassed for Beauty of Tone and Elasticity of Touch. They have the Patent Repetition Action, are Full Trichord Compass, Seven Octaves. Length is only 5ft. 10in.
BENNETT'S HILL, BIRMINGHAM. [296

MECHI'S DRESSING BAGS and Dressing Cases, Despatch Boxes, Tourists' Writing Cases, Jewel Cases, Writing Desks, Parisian productions, Library Sets in Mediæval and Leather, Albums, Cases of fine Cutlery, Scissors, Razors, Table Knives, the Magic Razor Strop and Paste.—At MECHI'S, 112, Regent Street, W. Illustrated Catalogues post free. Established 1827. City prices charged for cash. N.B.—Mr. Mechi attends personally, daily, assisted by his Son. [249

BREIDENBACH'S
MACASSARINE, for the Hair, 1s.
KALYDOR, for the Skin, 1s.
ODONTO, for the Teeth, 1s.
157B, Bond Street; 38, Lombard Street; and Chemists and Perfumers. [332

AUCTION ROOMS AND FINE ART GALLERIES (formerly Winstanley's), 44, Church St., Liverpool, Established 1810, for the Sale by Auction of Furniture, Works of Art, Jewellery, Plate, Books, Wines, China, Glass, Hardware, Carpets, Stocks in Trade, and Goods of every description. Consignments invited. Cash advanced, if required.
GEORGE TURNER, Auctioneer, Valuer, &c.,
Liverpool. [797

FINE FLAVOURED STRONG BEEF TEA at about 2½d. a pint. ASK FOR LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT of Meat, requiring Baron Liebig, the Inventor's, Signature, on every jar, being the only guarantee of genuineness. [234

MONEY.—From £100 to £3,000, various Sums, to be immediately ADVANCED on approved Freehold or Leasehold Securities.—Apply to Mr. JOHN BARNSLEY. Offices next the Queen's College, 36, Paradise Street, Birmingham. [866

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.
In use the last 70 Years for
INDIGESTION.
In boxes at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS,
In use the last 70 Years for
BILIOUS AFFECTIONS.
In boxes at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS,
In use the last 70 Years for
LIVER COMPLAINTS.
In boxes at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. [248

NOTHING IMPOSSIBLE.—AGUA AMARELLA restores the human hair to its pristine hue, no matter at what age. J. GOSNELL & CO. have at length, with the aid of one of the most eminent chemists, succeeded in erfecting this wonderful liquid. It is now offered to the public in a more concentrated form, and at a lower price. Sold in bottles at 3s. each, also 5s., 7s. 6d., and 15s. each, including brush.

JOHN GOSNELL & CO.'S CHERRY TOOTH PASTE is greatly superior to any Tooth Powder, gives the Teeth a Pearl-like whiteness, protects the enamel from decay, and imparts a pleasing fragrance to the breath. Price 1s. 6d. per pot.—Angel Passage, 3 Upper Thames Street, London. [388

CHAPMAN'S,
NOTTING HILL, W.
PATTERNS FREE.

SILKS.
Imperial Black Silks, the wear guaranted, 3½ guineas the dress of 12 yards. Messrs. C. J. Bonnets' £3 10s., 12 yards, 5s. 10d. per yard. Corded Silks, £1 15s., 12 yards, 2s. 11d. per yard.

SILKS.
Rich Coloured Lyons Glacé and Gros Grain Silks, an extraordinary purchase of choice colourings, at 3 guineas the full dress of 12 yards, 23 inches wide, 5s. 3d. per yard.

SILKS.
Check Silks, 31s. 6d. and 42s. the full dress of 12 yards; a small manufacturer's stock, bought at a reduction of 30 per cent.

JAPANESE SILKS.
The most elegant Dress for Dinner or evening wear. Beautiful new shades now ready, including Pink, Sky, Mauve, Green, Grey, Steel, Slate, White and Black. Price £1 11s. 6d. for 12 yards, or 2s. 7½d. per yard. The best quality that can be procured at any price.

DANISH SILK-FINISHED TINTED ALPACAS, as worn by H.R.H. the Princess of Wales. Exquisite Shades in Pink, Sky, Mauve, Silver-grey, Drab, Slate, Steel, écru Buff, &c., for Dinner or Evening wear. 19s. 6d. 10 yards, 28 inches wide.

FABRIQUE A LA COMTESSE.
A Specialité consigned solely to myself. Very elegant and durable. £1 15s. 6d. 12 yards, 25in. wide; 2s. 11½d. per yard.

CASTELLAN DE LAINE.
A beautiful new and most durable texture; one of the choicest I have had the honour of placing before my patrons. 19s. 6d. 10 yards 28 in. wide; 1s. 11½d. per yard

---

POIL DE CHEVRE.
This beautiful fabric, in choice shades of Pink, Green, Buff, Sky, &c. 11s. 8d. the full dress of 10 yards; 28 in. wide; 1s. 2d. per yard.

SILK BALERNO.
Light and durable. 19s. 6d. for 10 yards; 28 in. wide; 1s. 11½d. per yard.

ORLEANS LUSTRINES.
A light inexpensive texture for young ladies' wear, in Pink, Sky, Mauve, Green, Drab, &c. 8s. 6d. 10 yards; 28 in. wide; 10½d. per yard.

BLACK GRENADINES for Dinner or Evening wear. Best Norwich makes, very durable, from 8½d. to 1s. 11½d. per yard. Patterns free.

CRIPON ANGLAISE.
A new Striped Semi-transparent Dress Fabric, elegant as Grenadine, durable as Alpaca; all the new and fashionable colours. 11s. 9d. 12 yards, 24 in. wide; 11½d. per yard.

TRANSPARENT DRESS.—Mousselines Alsaciennes, delicately beautiful, direct from Mulhouse. One hundred and fifty choice patterns, unequalled, price 1s. per yard. Patterns free.

LU LU, or Washing Satteen.—Frères Koechlin's manufacture in Pink, Sky, Buff, Mauve, &c. (very choice), 15s. the dress of 9 yards, 32 in. wide.

WHITE PIQUES & MARSELLAS, varying from 6d. to 1s. per yard. Very choice (Scotch), 1s. 1½d. per yard, 30 in. wide. Patterns free.

CHAPMAN'S,
NOTTING HILL, W.
300] PATTERNS FREE.

CORNS AND BUNIONS.—A Gentleman, many years tormented with Corns, will be happy to afford others the information by which he obtained their COMPLETE REMOVAL in a short period, without pain or any inconvenience.—Forward address, on a stamped envelope, to F. KINGSTON, Esq., Church Street, Ware, Herts. [238

THE LUCINA OR MATERNAL PILL.
Prepared from the formula of one of the most eminent Physician Accoucheurs of the present century.
Particulars may be had on application of SIMPSON AND Co., 14, Southampton Row, London, W.C. In boxes at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each. Free by post for 14 or 33 stamps. [396

SUPERIOR TRUSSES,
ELASTIC STOCKINGS, &c.,
Manufactured by
W. H. BAILEY & SON,
418, OXFORD STREET.
Trusses from 5s. each; Stockings from 4s. 6d. [375

A NEW STORY BY MISS M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET."

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED.

THE ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER of This Week contains the Opening Chapters of

HUGH DAMER'S LAST LEGER,

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON,

ILLUSTRATED BY EMINENT ARTISTS.

Price Threepence Weekly.

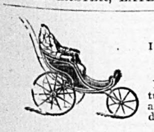
PUBLISHED BY GRANT AND CO., 102, FLEET STREET, LONDON.

NOTICE.—At the conclusion of the Contracts for Illustrated Advertisements now in course of fulfilment, no other Block Advertisements will be published in this Journal.

TO CLEAN AND PRESERVE THE TEETH USE HAMPSON'S

FLUODENTINE, or LIQUID DENTIFRICE. Three or four drops on the moistened brush is sufficient for one application. It cleanses the enamel, hardens the gums, and sweetens the breath. Invaluable to Smokers. See Dr. Hassall's Report and Medical Testimonials. Sold in bottles at 1s. 6d., 3s., and 5s. each, by Chemists and Perfumers generally, and by R. HAMPSON, Chemist, 63, Piccadilly, Manchester.

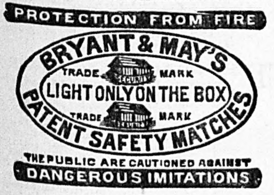
BIRMINGHAM AGENT:
ARBLASTER, LATE CHRISTIAN. [934



LLOYD & CO.,
157, ISLINGTON,
BIRMINGHAM.

Patentees and Manufacturers of Perambulators, and Bath Chairs of every description.

Wholesale and Retail. [269



[410

PALFREY'S, 4, BULL RING,
BIRMINGHAM.
JEWELLERS' & PAWNBROKERS'
CELEBRATED WINDOW MARKS.

An Endless Variety for Stationers', Tobacconists' and Fancy Trades.

WINDOW
TICKETS
FOR ALL
TRADES

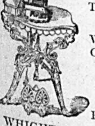
First-class Tickets for Birmingham and Sheffield Goods.

China and Glass Warehouses, Grocers, Drapers, and Outfitters. The most effective and cheapest ever produced.

Largest variety in the world from 6d. the gross. [138

FACTS FOR LADIES.

SEWING MACHINES,
UNEQUALLED FOR FAMILY USE.

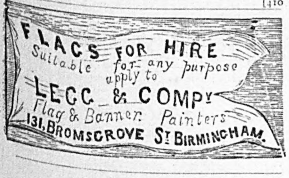


THE ALBERTA 5 GUINEA SILENT LOCK-STITCH.

With Square Stand, 6 gs. With Ornamental Bronzed Stand, 6½ gs.

THE EXCELSIOR,
With Stand . . . . . 6 gs.
Hand Machines from 30s.
First-class Lock-Stitch, from 63s.

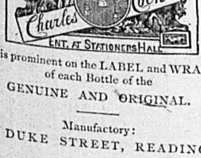
WHIGHT & MANN, 143, Holborn Bars, London.
[410



THE BEST SAUCE
IS
CHARLES COCKS'
ORIGINAL
READING SAUCE,
which has been
Three-fourths of a Century before the Public.

Purchasers (by observing ordinary Caution) can guard against WORTHLESS IMITATIONS, by refusing to have any that *does not* bear this

TRADE MARK.



Which is prominent on the LABEL and WRAPPER of each Bottle of the
GENUINE AND ORIGINAL.

Manufactory:
6, DUKE STREET, READING.

Special Agents:
CROSSE & BLACKWELL, LONDON,
And Sold by Grocers and Oilmen Universally.
[389

SCOTTISH COMMERCIAL INSURANCE COMPANY.
CAPITAL ONE MILLION STERLING.
HEAD OFFICE: 28, St. Vincent Place, Glasgow.
LONDON OFFICE: 8, Moorgate Street, E.C.
Chairman—ALEXANDER CRUM, Esq., of Thornliebank.

ABSTRACT FROM REPORTS OF 1870 AND 1871, SHOWING THE PROGRESS OF THE COMPANY.

1870.		1871.
£36,165 8 10	Gross Fire Income	£55,139 2 0
27,554 3 4	Nett Fire Premiums	45,243 16 10
13,111 11 1	Losses	22,766 17 7
7,555 10 6	Balance of Profit and Loss Account	12,336 11 2
17,067 10 4	Accumulated Funds (Fire and Life)	26,869 14 2
68,492 10 4	Invested Funds, including Paid-up Capital	78,294 14 2

APPLICATION FOR AGENCIES INVITED.
FRED. J. HALLOWS, *Manager.*
May, 1871. [370

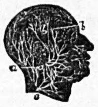
BRADEN AND COMPANY'S
SUPERIOR

PREPARED GROATS. PREPARED BARLEY.	For making pure Gruel and Barley Water in Ten Minutes, without the trouble of straining, in 3d. and 6d. packets, and 1s. canisters.
PREPARED PEAS FLOUR.	For making delicious Soup in Ten Minutes, in 1d., 2d., 3d., 6d., packets, and 1s. canisters.
BRADEN'S BAKING POWDER. UNADULTERATED.	Puddings without eggs, Bread without Yeast, Pastry Light and Wholesome, and with less Butter.
BRADEN'S EGG POWDER.	One Penny Packet equal to Nine Eggs.

SOLD BY ALL GROCERS, CORNDEALERS, OILMEN, AND DRUGGISTS.

MANUFACTORY—STEAM MILLS, WHITE'S GROUNDS, S.E. [251

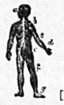
APPLIED NEURALINE. EXTERNALLY.



THE INSTANT CURE FOR
TIC-DOLOREUX, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, TOOTHACHE, RHEUMATISM, AND ALL NERVE PAINS.

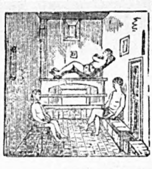
Prepared by LEATH & ROSS, Homœopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, corner of Doctors' Commons, and 9, Vere Street, W.; and sold by all Patent Medicine Vendors.

Price 1s. 1½d., 1s. 9d., and 2s. 9d. per bottle.
The Cuts show Nerve-centres, and where Neuraline should be applied.



[241

MR. J. SWINSON,
DENTIST,
SOLIHULL.
Attendance daily. Hours, from 10 till 6. [80



TURKISH VAPOUR, SULPHUR, AND MEDICATED BATHS,
No. 14, *CRESCENT*,
CAMBRIDGE STREET,
BIRMINGHAM.

Open daily for Ladies and Gentlemen (Sundays excepted) from 8 a.m. till 8 p.m.

LIST OF TERMS ON APPLICATION.

N.B.—The only Establishment in the Midland Counties where you can have such a variety of Baths for the purposes of luxury and health.

JAMES MELLING, *Proprietor.*

MISS MELLING, *Superintendent of The Ladies' Department.* [909

SWINDEN AND SONS,
(Established 1825,)
27, TEMPLE STREET, BIRMINGHAM,
Wholesale, Retail, and for Exportation,

Invite an inspection of their new stock of high-class Coloured Gold Jewellery.

Drawing-room Gilt Clocks and Dining-room Marble Clocks, Cuckoo Clocks and Vienna Regulators for Halls.

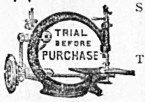
Bed-room and Kitchen Clocks.

Presentation Clocks and Gold and Silver Watches of every description.

A large and choice assortment of Musical Boxes now on hand. [394

WM. CARVER'S DOMESTIC SEWING MACHINES are unequalled for quality, durability, and prices.
Works and Show Rooms, PARK STREET, CHEETHAM HILL ROAD, MANCHESTER. [395

WILLCOX AND GIBBS'
SILENT
SEWING MACHINE.



MACHINES TAKEN IN EXCHANGE.
Machines on Hire.
T. S. TONGUE,
Sole Agent,
3, BULL STREET,
BIRMINGHAM [426

LAMPLOUGH'S
PYRETIC SALINE

Is noted for making a most invigorating, vitalising, and refreshing draught, that has proved the best preventive of SMALL POX, and Headache, Sea or Bilious Sickness; it quickly cures the worst form of Eruptive or Skin Complaints, and the various diseases arising from Constipation, the Liver, or Blood Impurities, Inoculation, the results of breathing air infected with Fevers, Measles, or other and contagious poisons, *are Cured and Prevented by its Use.* Sold by all Chemists and the Maker. In Patent Glass Stoppered Bottles at 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 11s. and 21s. each. NOTICE MY TRADE MARK, AND BEWARE OF SPURIOUS IMITATIONS.

H. LAMPLOUGH, 113, HOLBORN HILL, LONDON, E.C. [37

AT MUDIE'S AND ALL LIBRARIES.

REMINISCENCES OF MARK LEMON.

This day is published in cloth gilt, price 7s. 6d.

WITH A SHOW IN THE NORTH.

By JOSEPH HATTON.

Together with Mark Lemon's last Song, his revised text of Falstaff, and Portrait in Costume (Reprinted with additions from the *Gentleman's Magazine*).

"'With a Show in the North' is a reprint—most elegantly turned out—of Mr. Joseph Hatton's papers which appeared originally in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, descriptive of his tour through the provinces with the late lamented Mark Lemon, during his Falstaffian entertainment. The book abounds in quaint anecdotes and touching memories, and is written with ease and simplicity which distinguishes the author of 'The Tallants of Barton.' One reads the book at a sitting—and one puts it down with a sigh. We are all indebted to Mr. Hatton for this memorial volume."—*Fun*, April 8.

"Mr. Hatton's interesting reminiscences of Mark Lemon."—*Illustrated London News.*

"A series of articles which are read with real zest."—*Birmingham Daily Gazette.*

"Full of curious interest."—*Perthshire Journal.*

"A series of charming reminiscences."—*Manchester Examiner and Times.*

London: WM. H. ALLEN & CO., 13, Waterloo Place, S.W.

SIX MEDALS AWARDED TO J. S. FRY & SONS.

CARACAS COCOA.

"AS AN AGREEABLE INVIGORATOR, REFRESHER, AND NOURISHER, IT COULD NOT BE TOO HIGHLY RECOMMENDED."—*Civil Service Gazette.*

"NO MORE DELICIOUS, REFRESHING, NOURISHING, AND WHOLESOME BEVERAGE HAS EVER BEEN MANUFACTURED."—*Morning Post.*

FRYS' CHOCOLATE CREAMS ARE DELICIOUS SWEETMEATS.
[376

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S
STEEL PENS.

Sold by all Dealers throughout the World.

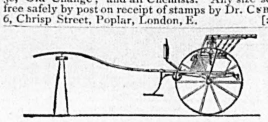
[218

JOHN NEILUS,
GENERAL DECORATOR,
5, *MOAT ROW*, *SMITHFIELD*,
BIRMINGHAM.
Dealer in all kinds of Paper Hangings. [127

PATENT METALLIC AIR-TIGHT COFFINS, combining all the advantages of Wood Shell, and Lead and Oak Coffins can be obtained *at once* on application to the Head Office of the

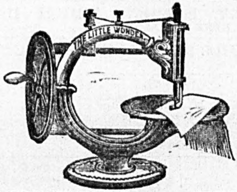
PATENT METALLIC AIR-TIGHT COFFIN COMPANY,
158, *GREAT CHARLES STREET*,
BIRMINGHAM.
Prices, &c., sent post free. [503

CUBIT'S ELIXIR OF STRENGTH.—A Cure for INDIGESTION, WIND, SPASMS, HEADACHE, BILIOUS LIVER COMPLAINTS: removing all Eruptions, Pimples, Freckles, and restoring to the pale countenance a beautiful, clear, healthy, and blooming appearance. Sold in cases at 33s., 22s., 11s., 4s. 6d., 2s. 9d., and small size 1s. 1½d. each, by Barclay, Farringdon Street; Kernot, Chrisp Street, Poplar; Butler, 4, Cheapside; Sanger, 150, Oxford Street; Edwards, 38, Old Change; and all Chemists. Any size sent free safely by post on receipt of stamps by Dr. CUBIT, 6, Chrisp Street, Poplar, London, E. [298



FORDER & CO.'S CELEBRATED LIGHT GIGS. Weight, 3 cwt. In stock: ready to take home with you. These Gigs are built of the very best materials, steel forgings, hickory wheels, double riveted, bent felloes, best lancewood shafts, lamps, best india-rubber apron, best cloth cushions, driving box, patent whip socket, mail patent axle with solid flaps, rubber blocks in ends of springs. Price £31 10s. nett. Warranted twelve months.—CARRIAGE WORKS, WOLVERHAMPTON.
[150

SLATER & CO.'S
LITTLE WONDER LOCK-STITCH SEWING MACHINES.
BOTH SIDES ALIKE, £3 3s.



REDUCTION IN PRICE OF SEWING MACHINES, with all the latest Improvements. The Wheeler and Wilson's, £5 10s.; No. 2 Howe's, £6 10s.; No. 2 Thomas's, £7; Patching Machines, for Repairing Old Boots, or general work, £8. Any other make repaired or altered. Second-hand Machines, £2.—N.B. Slater and Co.'s Manufactory, 18 and 19, Edmund Street, near the Town Hall. [36

EPILEPSY or EPILEPTIC FITS.—W. and J. TAYLOR'S celebrated ANTI-EPILEPTIC MEDICINE effects a speedy and permanent cure of this dreadful disease. It is perfectly harmless, and has a wonderful power of soothing and allaying that irritation and excitement so incidental to epileptics. Bottles, 3s. 6d. each.—W. & J. Taylor, 74, Brunswick Street, Hackney Road, London, E.; or by order of any chemist. [250

MATHER'S ORIENTAL ROSE CREAM, extracted from the choicest rose-leaves, removes scurf, strengthens and imparts a gloss (without the use of pomades) to the hair, and prevents baldness, even restoring the growth in many cases which appear hopeless.—Sold by all chemists in bottles at 1s., 2s. 6d., and 5s. each—WILLIAM MATHER, 14, Bath Street, Newgate St., London, E.C.; 19, Hanging Ditch, and 106, Chester Road, Manchester.

MATHER'S ROYAL BALSAMIC PLAISTERS (as supplied to the Army and Navy at Scutari Hospital).—Sold by all chemists at 1d., 2d., 4d., 6d., and 8d. each. Caution: Every plaister has the proprietor's signature, trade-mark, and address on the back.

MATHER'S IMPROVED INFANTS' FEEDING BOTTLES, WITH EARTHENWARE FITTINGS. The cheapest ever introduced, and universally admitted to be the most simple, cleanly, and durable.—Sold by all Chemists, at 6d., 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. each.

(Established 40 Years.)

STANTON'S CELEBRATED COUGH PILLS are universally acknowledged to be the best for the speedy cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Influenza, Bronchitis, Consumption, and all diseases of the chest and lungs.—W. MATHER, 14, Bath Street, Newgate Street, London, and 109, Chester Road, Manchester. In boxes at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each.

CAUTION.—"W. MATHER, Chester-road, Manchester," on the Government stamp round every box. Sent Post Free for 16 Stamps. [277

FREE TRIAL AT HOME.

WHY NOT SEND

FOR THE WILLCOX AND GIBBS

SILENT SEWING MACHINE,

FOR A MONTH'S FREE TRIAL

IN YOUR OWN HOME?

If you reply, Because we fear we may be induced to buy a Machine we do not like; we answer,

YOU ARE PERFECTLY FREE

EITHER TO KEEP OR

RETURN THE MACHINE.

But perhaps you say, If we return the Machine we may feel obliged to take some other instead; to which we answer,

THERE IS NO OBLIGATION TO take any Machine whatever.

But surely, you reply, there is some expense to us attending the Trial?

THERE IS NO CHARGE WHATEVER MADE FOR THE TRIAL, under any circumstances; and the Machine is sent, carriage paid, to the nearest station.

But suppose we should injure the Machine in any way?

IN REQUESTING INTENDING PURCHASERS of MACHINES to make trial of the WILLCOX & GIBBS, *we accept the consequences*, relying on the good faith of applicants; at the same time, it is almost an impossibility for a novice to injure the Machine or get it out of order.

If we send for a Machine on these terms are there any conditions necessary to ensure attention to our order?

APPLICATION SHOULD BE ACCOMPANIED

WITH EITHER REFERENCES OR CASH.

But suppose we send the Cash, and afterwards find the Machine unsuitable for our purpose, or in some way unsatisfactory?

SHOULD THE MACHINE BE RETURNED

AT THE END OF THE TRIAL MONTH,

ANY PAYMENT WHICH HAS BEEN MADE

WILL BE REFUNDED IN FULL.

What advantages attend payment in advance?

PAYMENT IN ADVANCE AVOIDS the necessity of references, and permits the immediate sending of the Machine.

But suppose we prefer to give References rather than to pay in advance?

PAYMENT AFTER TRIAL IS ACCEPTED with equal readiness, provided the References are satisfactory as to applicant's trustworthiness.

What are the easiest terms of payment you offer?

PAYMENT BY MONTHLY INSTALMENTS is also accepted, Five per Cent. being added to amounts not paid at the end of the trial month.

Do you take other Machines in exchange?

MACHINES OF OTHER MAKERS ARE TAKEN IN PART PAYMENT FOR OUR OWN.

Does the Free Trial at Home depend upon the mode of payment?

THE MONTH'S FREE TRIAL AT HOME is always assured, in whatever manner Payment is to be made.

This is all very satisfactory; but, after all, can we not buy Machines for less money?

CHEAP MACHINES ARE DEAR in the end, costing much for repairs, spoiling much material, wasting much time, and giving no satisfaction.

But is it not more economical to do without Machines at all? Is it not better to do our sewing by hand, as formerly?

TIME IS MONEY, and that which saves time, saves money. There is only one Machine that never wastes time. It is always ready at any moment for any kind of work. Send for it, and see for yourselves.

ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST FREE.

WILLCOX AND GIBBS SEWING MACHINE CO.,

150, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.,
135, REGENT ST., W. } LONDON.

[403

BAKER and CRISP'S (198, Regent Street) SILKS.

BAKER AND CRISP'S JAPANESE SILKS.

BAKER and CRISP'S FRENCH SATINS.

BAKER and CRISP'S FANCY DRESSES.

BAKER and CRISP'S WHITE PIQUES.

BAKER and CRISP'S PLAIN and PRINTED CAMBRICS.

BAKER and CRISP'S PLAIN WASHING SATINS or FROU FROU.

A SPECIALITE.—CRETONNE DES INDES: A new Washing Fabric for Ladies', Young Ladies', and Children's Dresses. Price 5s. 11d. full dress. Obtainable only at BAKER & CRISP'S, 198, Regent Street. Patterns Free.

SILKS. SILKS. SILKS.

BAKER and CRISP'S,
The Cheapest House for Silks.
Patterns free.
The Largest Variety in the Kingdom of Cheap, Intermediate, and Best SILKS.

Fancy Silks	29s. 6d. to 55s.
Very Best	55s. to 5 guineas.
Striped and Checked Silks	29s. 6d. to 50s.
Plain Glace Silks	45s. 6d. to 55s.
Very Best	55s. to 4 guineas.
Plain Gros Grains	54s. to 65s.
Very Best	65s. to 95s.
Poult de Soie and Failles	45s. 6d. to 90s.
Japanese Silks	29s. 6d. to 39s. 6d.
Japanese Poplins	29s. 6d. to 39s. 6d.
Evening Silks	35s. 6d. to 65s.
Wedding Silks	35s. 6d. to 65s.
Dinner Silks	35s. 6d. to 65s.

Last year's Silks, Odd Dresses, and Remnants, great bargains.
BAKER and CRISP, 198, Regent Street.

BLACK SILKS EXTRAORDINARY.
Patterns free.
BAKER and CRISP are now selling the largest, cheapest, and richest lot of Black Silks that have been offered since the year 1848.
Viz.—Gros Grain, Glaces, Draps de France, and Cashmeres, &c., that were 6s., 8s., and 10s. per yard, are now selling 47s. 6d., 72s. 6d., and 84s. the full dress.
198, Regent Street.

BLACK SILKS. BLACK SILKS.
Patterns free.
Rich, Bright, Wide, and Durable Makes only.
Full Dress.

Black Gros Grains	29s. 6d. to 5 guineas.
Black Glace	29s. 6d. to 5 "
Black Gros Royal	45s. 6d. to 5 "
Black Satin Lison	95s. to 10 "
Black Figured Silks	35s. to 4 "
Black Moire Antiques	79s. 6d. to 10 "
Black Poult de Soies	45s. to 5 "
Widows' Black Silks	45s. to 5 "

198, Regent Street.

CONSIGNMENT EXTRAORDINARY.
£27,000 worth of
LYONS SILKS, FRENCH MUSLINS, PERCALES, PIQUES, BRILLANTES, &c.
NOW SELLING at BAKER and CRISP'S, 198, Regent Street.

JAPANESE SILKS EXTRAORDINARY.
NOTICE.
The Richest JAPANESE SILKS, 29s. 6d. the full dress. In every shade or tint at 2s. 5½d. per yard.
Patterns free.

WHITE PIQUES, 6d. per yard.
A BANKRUPT'S STOCK OF
TWO THOUSAND PIECES
Of these beautiful goods in Cords, Stripes, Checks, and Figures.
Patterns free.
BAKER and CRISP'S, 198, Regent Street.

BAKER and CRISP'S FRENCH PRINTED PIQUES, PERCALES, BRILLIANTS, CAMBRICS, MUSLINS, from 2s. 11d. full dress.
Patterns free. 198, Regent Street.

WAR PANIC.

EXTRAORDINARY SALE OF WHITE PIQUES.
VIZ.:

1,200 Pieces at	5¾d. per yard.
A lot very superior	6¾d. per yard.
Superb Brillantes, usually 1s. yd.	all at 8¾d.
The best Piques	1s. 6d. per yard.
2,000 White Piques	3s. 11d. to 6s. 9d. [full dress.

Patterns free.
BAKER and CRISP, 198, Regent Street.

A SPECIALITY.—PONDICHERRY and CACHMERE DE LORRAINE (Registered), made expressly for BAKER and CRISP.
In Seventy-nine Shades of Colour, at 12s. 6d. full dress.
Patterns free. 198, Regent Street, London.

LADIES' HANDS can now be fitted with the very Best PARIS KID GLOVES.
Every size and colour, 2s. 7½d. per pair, or 31s. per doz.
Free for 2 extra stamps. Obtainable only at BAKER and CRISP'S, 198, Regent Street.

RIDICULOUSLY CHEAP.
1,500 PIECES of FINE FRENCH MUSLINS,
Now selling at
4½d. to 6¾d. per yard, in all the New Colours.
For the coming season. Patterns free.
BAKER and CRISP.

EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS in FRENCH MUSLINS, At BAKER and CRISP'S, 198, Regent Street.
Patterns free.

BAKER and CRISP'S WHITE PIQUES.
The largest variety, Wholesale and Retail, in the Kingdom, commencing at 4¾d. per yard.
198, Regent Street.

BAKER and CRISP'S
Early Spring POIL DE CHEVRE,
in all the most lovely tints for
Evening, Wedding, and Dinner wear.
Patterns free. 198, Regent Street.

PATTERNS FREE.
GERMAN WASHING SILKS,
25s. 6d. full dress.
BAKER and CRISP,
198, Regent Street.

SPRING VELVETEENS.
THE PATENT MOLESKIN
Finish for
17s. 6d.
BAKER and CRISP,
198, Regent Street.

SILK, WOOL, or WASHING GRENADINES for Evening, Wedding, or Dinner wear. The largest variety in London, from 10s. 6d. full dress. [380

EAGLE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Established 1807. (FOR LIVES ONLY.)
79, PALL MALL, LONDON.

Annual Income	£528,378
Invested Funds	£3,247,686

(Bearing an average Interest of 4½ per cent.)

FURTHER SECURITY—A Subscribed Capital of upwards of a Million and a Half Sterling.

The Expenses of Management are under 3 per Cent.

NEXT DIVISION OF SURPLUS IN 1872.

GEORGE HUMPHREYS, M.A.,
Actuary and Secretary. [263

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

HAS BEEN AWARDED

TWO GOLD MEDALS

FOR ITS SUPERIORITY OVER ALL OTHERS.

Makes Bread, Pastry, Puddings, &c., light and wholesome. Sold in 1d. and 2d. Packets, also 6d. and 1s. Patent Boxes. [393

SCHWEPPE'S SODA WATER.

SCHWEPPE'S LEMONADE.

SCHWEPPE'S MALVERN SELTZER.

SCHWEPPE'S POTASS WATER.

Every Bottle is Protected by a Label having Name and Trade Mark. [364

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
EPPS'S COCOA.
BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills.—*Civil Service Gazette.*

Made simply with boiling water or milk.

Each Packet is labelled—
JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists.

⁂ J. E. & CO. also prepare Epps's Milky Cocoa (cocoa and condensed milk). [383

A MONTH'S FREE TRIAL AT HOME.

WILLCOX AND GIBBS' SILENT SEWING MACHINE.

T. S. TONGUE,
3, BULL STREET, BIRMINGHAM,
Agent. [397

D. LONSDALE & CO., SILKMERCERS,
Are direct Manufacturers' Mediums for the sale of all articles of Ladies' Dress and Drapery.
This system effects a saving of 15 per cent. to the Consumer.
Patterns Free.
ALDGATE, CITY, LONDON.

CACHEMERE SOIE DE LORRAINE.
AN EXCLUSIVE FABRIC
MANUFACTURED FOR IMMEDIATE WEAR.
THE ROBE of 10 Yards,
19s. 9d.
Patterns Free.
D. LONSDALE & CO.,
ALDGATE, LONDON.

FALSACAPPA SWISS.
A SPRING DRESS MATERIAL IN PLAIN COLOURS.
THE ROBE of 10 Yards,
12s. 9d.
Patterns Free.
D. LONSDALE & CO.,
ALDGATE, LONDON.

THE "DAISY" DRESS FOR YOUNG LADIES.
MORNING, WALKING, OR CROQUET.
THE GARMENT of 10 Yards,
10s. 6d.
Patterns Free.
D. LONSDALE & CO.,
ALDGATE, LONDON.

NEUTRAL GREY CRYSTALLINE SILKS.
Suitable for slight mourning or ordinary wear. Very choice.
THE ROBE of 12 Yards,
£1 19s. 6d.
Patterns Free.
D. LONSDALE & CO.,
ALDGATE, LONDON.

JAPANESE SILKS.
LA PREMIERE QUALITE
In 15 Shades of Colour.
THE DRESS of 12 Yards,
£1 7s. 9d.
Patterns Free.
D. LONSDALE & CO.,
ALDGATE, LONDON.

BLACK LYONS SILKS.
BOUGHT DURING THE LATE WAR,
And held over by us for this Season's Trade at the SACRIFICE PRICE.
Bonnets Make......
Gourds Make......
Tapissiéres Make } From £2 7s. 6d. the Robe.
Patterns Free.
D. LONSDALE & CO.,
ALDGATE, LONDON.

COLOURED POULT DE SOIES,
IN EVERY RICH SHADE,
Including Vert Lumière, Blue Azure, Camaie, Slates, Greys, Browns, Violets, Lavenders, &c.
THE ROBE of 12 Yards,
£2 18s. 9d.
Patterns free.
D. LONSDALE & CO.,
ALDGATE, LONDON. [402

GLENFIELD STARCH is the only kind used in Her Majesty's Laundry.
Those ladies who have not yet used the Glenfield Starch are respectfully solicited to give it a trial, and carefully follow out the directions printed on every package, and if this is done, they will say, like the Queen's laundress, it is the finest Starch they ever used. When you ask for Glenfield Starch, see that you get it, as inferior kinds are often substituted for the sake of extra profits. [846

ELECTRICITY IS LIFE!

PULVERMACHER'S PATENT
GALVANIC CHAIN-BANDS, BELTS, AND POCKET BATTERIES.

THESE HIGHLY IMPROVED INVENTIONS render Electricity perfectly self-applicable, in a mild, continuous form, and extremely efficacious, no shock or unpleasant sensation being experienced, whereby it becomes a true fountain of health and vigour, speedily soothing agonising pains, reanimating torpid limbs, reviving the sluggish functions of life, and imparting renewed energy and vitality to constitutions enfeebled by various influences. The daily increasing number of cures effected by PULVERMACHER'S MEDICO-GALVANIC SYSTEM is so extensive and varied that it forcibly points to this invention as the embryo of a universal remedy.

THE FOLLOWING TESTIMONY, signed by the élite of the English medical faculty, has been received:—

"We, the undersigned, have much pleasure in"
"testifying that Mr. J. L. PULVERMACHER'S"
"recent improvements in his Voltaic Batteries"
"and Galvanic Appliances for Medical Purposes"
"are of great importance to Scientific Medicine,"
"and that he is entitled to the consideration"
"and support of every one disposed to further"
"the advancement of real and useful progress."

"Dated this 9th day of March, 1866."

"Sir CHAS. LOCOCK, Bart., M.D., F.R.C.P."
"Sir WM. FERGUSSON, Bart., F.R.S."
"Sir J. RANALD MARTIN, F.R.C.S."

Also Recommended by
Sir DUNCAN GIBB, Bart., M.D., LL.D.
T. H. TANNER, M.D., F.L.S., &c.
J. RUSSELL REYNOLDS, M.D., F.R.S., F.R.C.P.
C. B. RADCLIFFE, M.D., F.R.C.P.
A. CLARKE, M.D., F.R.C.P., Physician to the London Hospital.
&c., &c., &c.

TESTIMONIALS FOLLOWING comprise the continuation of a series of certificates published in rotation, and are but a small portion of a vast number published in a PAMPHLET containing besides various extracts from medical reports by great authorities, and opinions of the medical press, likewise numerous extracts from many standard scientific works, viz., Dr. PEREIRA'S "Materia Medica," 4th Edition; Dr. TANNER'S "Practice of Medicine," 8th Edition; and Dr. HANDFIELD JONES "On Nervous and Functional Disorders," &c. Sent post free on application to J. L. PULVERMACHER and CO., 200, Regent Street, London.

SCIATICA. (Testimonial.)
Driffield, Yorkshire, March 12, 1871.
(Extract.)

"Sir,—Some eight months ago I purchased of you an Electric Chain Band, as I was suffering from sciatica. I am happy to say that it has cured me, &c.—I am, sir, yours obediently, "W. ALLEN."

"J. L. Pulvermacher & Co., 200, Regent Street, W."

RHEUMATISM and NEURALGIA.
(Testimonial.)
"Bournemouth, Feb. 17, 1871.
(Extract.)

"Gentlemen,—I have seen great benefit from your invention in one case of chronic rheumatism of the shoulder joint, and in another of ovarian neuralgia.—Believe me, yours truly,
"H. NANKIVELL, M.D., M.R.C.S."

"J. L. Pulvermacher & Co., 200, Regent Street, W."

WANT of VITAL POWER.
(Testimonial.)
"73, Cross Street, Islington, March 4, 1870.

"I purchased a Combined Chain-Band and Electric Belt. I have worn them constantly. I now feel so much better. I had been a dreadful sufferer from extreme weakness, &c., for six years, and tried every other remedy to no purpose. Thank God, I heard of your wonderful galvanic appliances. C. TAYLOR."

"J. L. Pulvermacher & Co., 200, Regent Street, W."

INDIGESTION of LONG STANDING. (Testimonial.)
"131, Regent Street, London, W., Dec. 21, 1868.

"My avocations having been of a studious nature for many years must have been the cause of great disturbance to my digestive powers; consequently I suffered dyspepsia, more or less, with all its horrid symptoms, for 20 years. After trying various remedies, I became totally prostrate and incapable of any exertion, when I was induced to wear one of your Belts, and I attribute my restoration to health entirely to that circumstance. I have now left it off, and can eat and drink anything as well as when I was a boy. This is saying something at the age of 56.
"P. A. BARNARD."

"J. L. Pulvermacher & Co., 200, Regent Street, W."

PRICE LIST of PULVERMACHER'S CHAIN-BANDS, BELTS, and FLEXIBLE BATTERIES.

A. NARROW CHAIN-BANDS for Sciatica, Rheumatic, Neuralgic, and Gouty Pains, Chronic Rheumatism, Local Paralysis, Cramp in the Extremities, according to Electric Power. 18s., 22s., 40s., and upwards.

B. BROAD CHAIN-BANDS or BELTS for Lumbago, Indigestion, Liver, Chest, and Nervous Complaints, &c., wearable as a Belt. 22s. to 40s., and 55s.

C. BROAD CHAIN-BANDS for Nervous Deafness, Head, Tooth, and Face Ache, and Noises in the Head............21s. and upwards.

D. BROAD CHAINS for Loss of Voice and other affections of the Throat, Asthma, Spinal Complaints.......... 10s. 6d., 18s., 22s., and 40s.

E. BROAD CHAIN-BANDS for Writers' Cramp, Trembling, Nervousness, &c. 22s. to 30s., 40s., and 60s.

F. COMBINED BANDS for General Debility, Central Paralysis, Epilepsy, and Functional Disorders.................................50s. to 60s.
COMPLETE SET, with VOLTA-ELECTRIC BELTS for restoring Vital Power £5
WITH VOLTAIC FLEXIBLE CHAIN BATTERY £8

G. CHAIN BATTERIES, for Extreme Nervous Debility, Paralysis, and for restoring exhausted Vital Energy (to be used in conjunction with specially combined Bands). £3 10s. to 4 guineas.

H. HIGH-TENSION FLEXIBLE CHAIN POCKET BATTERIES, with a complete set of Combined Bands, Belts, and accessories (for special cases) ....£10 and upwards.

No Galvanic Bands or Belts are genuine but those bearing the fac-simile of J. L. PULVERMACHER'S signature on the label.

PULVERMACHER'S PAMPHLET of recent Testimonials and Medical Reports of Cures, containing other valuable information, sent post free on application to Sole Inventor and Patentee,

J. L. PULVERMACHER,
GALVANIC ESTABLISHMENT,
200, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

Printed by GRANT & COMPANY, at 72-76, Turnmill Street, and Published by them at 102, Fleet Street, London, E.C.—Saturday, June 17, 1871.